

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2562.—VOL. XCII.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } BY POST, 6½D.



OUR COAST DEFENCES: THE FORTS AT SPITHEAD.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the *Century* for May there is an interesting article upon "The Chances of being Hit in Battle," culled from the records of the great war between North and South. Upon the whole, the result is encouraging to warriors. We know what Falstaff's views were upon this subject. He thought the better part of valour was discretion, but was much too sagacious to run away. It may be said that he was too fat to run, but I am sure that he was also too wise. The danger of running away from battle is extreme; a course only to be recommended if total defeat is certain beforehand. A case of the latter kind is recorded (but not in the histories) in our Indian annals. A certain Lieutenant, in command of a small company, who had been already wounded in the leg in a previous engagement, found himself face to face with an immensely superior force of the enemy. "My men," he said, "your bravery is well known to me; I foresee you will go at these fellows with the greatest pluck, though they are ten to one. I also foresee that you will get a tremendous licking, and have to run for your lives. As I am a little lame, you will excuse me for starting at once." And off he went. This prudence is, indeed, unusual. Still, nobody wants to be hit. To the majority of combatants a battle is probably less enjoyable in itself than in its retrospection. It is like dining with the King—full of honour and glory, but still a thing to congratulate oneself upon having got over without a hitch! The general notion is that a large proportion of soldiers in a bloody war are either killed or wounded. A considerable number, indeed, are killed; many more are wounded; very many more die of disease of various kinds; and about the same number that are killed desert at favourable opportunities. "Nothing is definitely known about them at the time, so the tendency is to consider only the total of casualty, and in time to think of them as all killed or lost." The Civil War in America was a very sanguinary one; even the horsemen suffered terribly, in spite of General Hooker's inquiry, "Who ever saw a dead Cavalryman?" The total of "killed" on the Union side was no less than 110,070 men out of 2,200,000, or 5 per cent—"a greater percentage than that of the Crimean or Franco-German Wars." Some regiments had frightful losses. In the First Maine Artillery 423 men were killed, or died of wounds, out of 2202 men enrolled: an average of 20 per cent! The Confederates, though their casualty-list is not so trustworthy, seem to have suffered even more. The 26th South Carolina Regiment, who went into action at Gettysburg 800 strong, had 86 killed and 512 wounded. Still, no regiment was ever "cut to pieces" or "utterly annihilated," as the historians phrase it. The general average, as has been said, of "killed" was but 5 per cent; and of wounded—i.e., "hit"—perhaps 20 per cent. A father who wishes the days of his soldier son to be long in the land, might give him a few words of good advice—"Never run away; it is not only disgraceful, but dangerous. It is a popular error to suppose that the rear is a safe place. Choose the main body. As for the van-guard, a lad of your sense will, of course, avoid that. The Van is only another name for the Ambulance."

The chorister boys in a Western cathedral have been getting into trouble for what in theatrical circles is called "gagging"—singing things that are not in the programme. I have always pitied these poor little fellows. The duties that sometimes get to be mechanical with persons much more elevated in the ecclesiastical profession than they are must be more liable to become so in their case. Even choristers are doubtless decorous and respectable now; but Thomas Ingoldsby used to aver that he once heard the white-robed youths at St. Paul's in his time perform the following "voluntary" (that is not the right name for it, but it ought to be); with all the rhythmical exactness proper to the words they should have used:—"Oh, lawk! here's a precious lark! The soot has fallen down the chimney and spoilt the Sunday's mutton! Never mind! Wipe it dry with a towel, and nobody will find it out." The worthy Canon, was not favourable to young people taking up with what he thought, perhaps, too automatic a profession of religion. In one of his poems he describes, indeed, the acolyte tenderly enough; but what he is doing is "swinging his incense and making a smell." For my part, I have pitied the Chorister ever since my Eton days. Boys were then just getting to be respectable, but it was a long road, and I remember some of us used to give him nuts just before chapel, to spoil his high notes.

At a "scratch" sale of very ancient furniture, a secret drawer with a false bottom has lately been discovered, I read, in an old bureau, with a thousand guineas in it, packed tightly edgewise. That is a circumstance which, I think, if it had happened to most people, would not have been communicated by them to the papers. There is a dreadful story told of a person who, wishing to test the honesty of his fellow-creatures, took his place in an omnibus next to the conductor, and after good-naturedly passing the silver of the passengers into his hand, returned them in every case a penny too much. The result of his experience is too painful to describe in detail; suffice it to say that *nobody* told him of his error. This was very mean of those Bus people; they were penny wise, but who envies such wisdom? Besides, they were cheating somebody, though it was only a public company (which, of course, makes a great difference). But a thousand guineas, belonging to somebody unknown that had died centuries ago, is a very different matter. I could never, I am sure, bring myself to *keep* them; for what would be the good of that? I think I should change them—gradually—into current coin and spend it in doing good. The original owner would, probably, have belonged to the ancient faith; perhaps one ought to have Masses said for the repose of his soul? On the other hand he might have been a Lollard. The whole subject of giving things away is surrounded with difficulties. Most of the money, of course, I

should spend in charity; and if there was a little over, after all, who would grudge it me for all my thought and trouble in the matter? That is how I think it would work out in my case. What would *you* do, gentle reader?

The questions of conscience concerning treasure trove are very nice ones. A great authority has, indeed, stated that the man who "takes up what he has never laid down" is at heart a thief; on the other hand, a gentleman in Paris just convicted of robbing (with violence) a bank cashier, asserts that though his offence was "morally wrong, it was commercially right." These extreme logicians on either side are not to be listened to. The case of the bureau may smack, however vaguely, of private property. Let us take another. If I found a pot of money in my own back garden in the coinage of Edward VI., the law might say it belonged to the Crown, and welcome; but I should be inclined to treat the statement as one of those legal fictions invented to enliven the dull science of Jurisprudence. That blameless Prince, as I understand, left no family, and his relationship with the present reigning house is so very indirect and slight as hardly to be worth mentioning. There would also be some shadowy claim, I believe, in connection with the Lord of the Manor; interesting from an antiquarian point of view, no doubt; but who ever saw a Lord of the Manor in real life? He is as rare as a dead donkey in travelling piquet, but, unlike the deceased animal in that game, does not count for anything. I might send him the pot anonymously by parcel post (to mark my nice sense of justice), but not the money.

The Government is going to give up Ascension Island, which we only possessed ourselves of to prevent Napoleon from running away from St. Helena, and, I suppose, it will shortly be in the market. Hitherto, we have given a gentleman £600 a year for living there, like Robinson Crusoe's Spaniard, as "Governor" over nothing particular, and now it will doubtless be sold to the highest bidder. I should have liked it myself, but my editor tells me it is quite out of the question, on account of the inconvenience it would entail in getting these "Notes" in time for the printer weekly. People who are fond of the seaside would be delighted with it; it has a great quantity of seaside. It is very "quiet"; no German band has ever been known to play there; street organs are unknown; and there are no cheap trippers on Bank holidays. It is a large estate, and yet totally unencumbered (even with trees); and nobody shoots at the landlord. Well advertised as a health resort, it might prove a mine of wealth. Fashionable physicians tell us that there is only one place by going to which we can save our lives; and every year it is a different place. Colorado, Davos Platz, Mentone, Madeira, Kamschatka, have all had their turn, and turned out, more or less, failures. Why not Ascension? "To invalids: try Ascension." I do hope the Government won't fool *this* chance away—for there's money in it. Turtle—but I say no more; only let it be understood, when the sale comes off at Garraway's or Christie's (for one could have pictures of the place at Christie's), I know a man who could write a taking advertisement of the thing: "Napoleonic association" (it is only 760 miles from St. Helena), "volcanic ravines," "the mountain goat," "turtle." It is almost enough to make Mr. George Robins's mouth water, even now—especially the turtle.

Our old friend, the bridge across the Channel, has again made its appearance (upon paper), after a considerable interval. Before the tunnel scheme appeared, it used to gladden our eyes every year, generally in company with the sea-serpent, of about the same length. It took all sorts of shapes; the most common one having a swing compartment in the centre, to let the ships go by, while the passengers waited. This is felt to have been a mistake. A change of wind—and it might be a cold wind, such as one could not enjoy upon an unprotected jetty—would bring a good many ships, and make the chances of one being in time for dinner, whether in London or Paris, problematical. Now it is to be on piers, 160 ft. above the sea level, with a span between the piers of 1600 ft. Besides the four railway lines, it is to have a carriageway, and a footway, for those who like a nice little walk of twenty miles. Everyone knows what it is to promenade upon a very elongated pier; how hateful is its monotony; how, after a few minutes, you give twopence (as at Ryde) to get into an electric bus, or (as at Herne Bay of old) into a wind railway, rather than tread another yard of it. Think of twenty miles of Ryde Pier!

The chief mistake, however, in this attractive programme, seems its precaution against accidents, which, though intended to reassure the timid, will have, I fear, the contrary effect. Each of the piers, we are told, will be surmounted with a powerful light, and have "a place of refuge, provided with an alarm bell." Conceive the position of the lonely passenger, on a dark night, with a rough sea beneath him, which has cut off his retreat on both sides, in an elevated belfry of this description! What satisfaction would he derive from the consciousness of being magnificently lit up when there would be nobody to see him? What amusement from pulling the bell when there would be nobody to hear him? One must be an egotist, indeed, to appreciate such a situation. It is true he may not be alone; but, in that case, he may have too many companions—the contents of a whole railway train—and more than the "place of refuge" will hold! I like that notion still less. Even when an omnibus is full upon a wet night, we know how very much the introduction of a surplus passenger is resented. I suppose inscriptions will be printed (in French and English) setting forth how many people the refuge is licensed to accommodate. One can scarcely fancy, however, in such a case, the resident official asking anybody in possession of a seat, or even standing ground, whether he will "step outside to oblige a lady?" though one can very easily fancy the reply if he did. The generality of people, especially of passengers—are disgustingly selfish; the generous and the chivalric would be sacrificed, a reflection alone sufficient to keep me from patronising that Channel Bridge.

The notion the Great Eastern Railway Company has put into practice, of publishing a list of country lodgings and farmhouses which have rooms to let, in the five counties through which it passes, is an admirable one. There is no information more required than the answer to the question, "Where shall we go?" which Paterfamilias puts to himself at the beginning of every summer. Isolated advertisements are of little use to him: the place he has "set his heart upon" (as his wife expresses it, though, as far as he is concerned, he would probably far rather stop at home) is always snapped up the day before. He wants as large an area of choice as possible, and it will be an immense convenience to him if the plan is adopted generally. I hope, too, particular attention will be given to "exchanges"; many sensible people want to come up to town when we are yearning for the country, and by this means half the expense will be spared to both parties.

It cannot be too often stated that the present tendency of Londoners of moderate means to rush away altogether in the same two months, is as foolish as it is uneconomical. In June and July the country is quite as delightful as in August and September; accommodation is much more plentiful, and not nearly so expensive; and there is a much better supply of provisions. It is, moreover, much easier for comparatively humble persons to take their holidays at that earlier period, since their betters prefer the autumn, for their exodus, to the summer. The only reason that is urged against it is that there is "nobody in town" when one comes back; and this circumstance would, of course, be altered if the time of departure and return were spread, as it should be, over a greater space. At all events, families who like one another's society could so arrange matters. The real truth is, no doubt, that—speaking generally—we are very gregarious, and enjoy our pleasures most among a host of our fellow-creatures. "The average man," as Matthew Arnold called him, has his attractions to a good many people, and when "he comes in his thousands" is irresistible to them. Still, there may be a heaven—and more than eleven—of quiet folk to whom these words of advice may seem worth taking.

OUR COAST DEFENCES.

Public attention has been directed to the report of a Committee appointed by the Secretary of State for War to consider with him the plans proposed for the fortification and armament of our military and home mercantile ports, and the relative importance and approximate cost of the works and armaments necessary for the adequate defence of these stations. The estimates framed by the War Department, and submitted to the Committee, included sums amounting to £1,561,302 for completing the fortifications, and £1,576,500 for the armament, of the military and naval stations: namely, Portsmouth, Plymouth, the Thames and Medway, Harwich, Dover, Portland, Pembroke, and Cork in the United Kingdom; Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, and Halifax in Nova Scotia. Among the so-called military ports, three at once suggest themselves as far exceeding all others in importance. They are Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the ports included within the Thames and Medway defences. The Committee observe on this point:—"It is not too much to say that the destruction of our great dockyard at Portsmouth—and in a less degree of that of Plymouth—might be decisive of the issue of a great war; while the defence of the Thames and Medway is likewise of paramount importance, not only because in those rivers are situated the yards of Chatham, Sheerness, and Woolwich, but also because it is almost universally believed that an enemy descending in force upon England would immediately endeavour to strike a blow at London. If the Thames and Medway are not adequately defended, facilities are afforded for such an enterprise, while Harwich also deserves very special attention as a possible base of operations for a sudden attack upon London. In all these cases the ports should be protected, not merely against chance cruisers, but against the attack of an ironclad fleet."

After inquiring carefully into the condition of each of these ports, "the Committee have no hesitation in stating their conviction that deficiencies exist in the defences of each of them which render our positions dangerously insecure. It must not, indeed, be supposed from this statement that the money spent upon fortifications since 1860 has been injudiciously applied. They gave us adequate protection for many years, but now the enormously increased range and penetration of modern guns; and the great strength of ironclads (which, at the time of the erection of the fortifications, could not have been foreseen), render partial, and in some cases very extensive, reconstruction essential, and necessitate an armament equal to modern requirements."

With regard to the defences of Portsmouth, the Committee say: "Our attention has been very specially called to the eastern entrance to Spithead, where ironclads carrying guns of a range of 7000 yards and upwards might be able, in spite of the fire of the guns now mounted in the sea forts, to gain a position from which they could effectively shell the dockyard. The two iron-clad forts which are erected to guard against attack on this side are necessarily in very exposed positions. Their efficiency is so essential to the safety of the dockyard that it is of primary importance that they should be armed with heavy guns, and made in every respect secure. The armament of all the forts on this side requires considerable improvement. It is also necessary to erect a new land battery. With regard to the defences of the western entrance, the evidence shows them to be on the whole in a more satisfactory condition, and also less open to attack. Two improvements have been specially pressed upon the attention of the Committee in connection with land batteries; but there is strong evidence to show that the approach on this side can be in practice completely denied to an enemy by an efficient system of submarine mines, the channel being specially suitable for the purpose. The works on the eastern entrance have been pressed upon the Committee as of special urgency, and they recommend their being carried out with the least possible delay. When they are completed, and the mine-fields have been protected by machine and quick-firing guns, they believe that the imminent risk to which the dockyard at Portsmouth is at present subjected will be mainly averted. It may be said shortly of the defences on the land side that the armament is far from being complete, and in one case a gap exists which requires additional works. The works, being designed against an army which has landed in this country, need only be sufficient to resist the attack of field and siege guns. The cost of completing the armament is considerable, but the evidence satisfies the Committee that a moderate contribution would serve to meet the urgent requirements of the case."

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first two performances of Mr. Augustus Harris's season at Covent-Garden Theatre (on May 14 and 15) have already been noticed; the second occasion having, as already said, included Madame Nordica's effective impersonation (for the first time here) of the title-character in "Carmen," the very successful first appearance of Mdlle. Macintyre as Micaela, and M. De Reims as Don José, and the resumption of the character of Escamillo, the toreador, by Signor Del Puente.

The next performance after "Carmen" was (on May 17) that of "La Traviata," in which Mdlle. Ella Russell sustained the character of Violetta with the bright vocalisation and alternate gaiety and sentiment which have before been so effectively combined in her performance; her last scene having been very powerfully rendered. Signor Ravelli was an acceptable Alfredo, and Signor D'Andrade gave full impressiveness to the music of the elder Germont.

On May 19 the opera was "Faust," with a repetition of the well-known features of Madame Albani's Margherita and Madame Trebelli's Siebel. The first-named lady again gave the music with the combination of graceful charm, vocal brilliancy, and touching pathos that have before rendered her impersonation of the part exceptionally fine; her dramatic power having gained largely in intensity. Madame Trebelli's Siebel retains all its wonted vocal charm; and Signor Del Puente's performance as Valentino is as admirable as ever, both vocally and dramatically, especially in the death scene. M. De Reims, whose début in "Carmen" we have already noticed, was hardly so successful in his second appearance, as Faust. The music of the part was scarcely so well rendered as its dramatic aspect, in which M. De Reims again manifested much earnestness. Signor Novara was the Mephistopheles, as heretofore. The splendour of the stage accessories was such as has scarcely ever before been equalled, even at the Royal Italian Opera; and the choral effects were enhanced by a large number of additional voices.

The second week of the season opened with "Don Giovanni" on May 21, when the title-character was sustained by Signor D'Andrade, whose fine voice gave full effect to the music of the part, the dramatic aspect of which—especially in the more serious situations—was well realised. His delivery of the serenade was especially successful. As Donna Anna, Madame Fürsch-Madi repeated, with enhanced effect, a highly meritorious performance that has more than once been commented on; another feature—not so familiar, although not absolutely novel—having been the Zerlina of Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson. The Swedish artist gave the music brightly, and was lively and animated without being too forward or unduly elit. The important and difficult music of the unhappy Elvira (which is sometimes very inadequately rendered) was, on this occasion, to have been assigned to Mdlle. Macintyre, whose recent very successful début, as Micaela in "Carmen," was duly noticed by us. Her indisposition, however, caused the sudden transference of the part to Mdlle. Rolla, who acquitted herself extremely well, and deserves high commendation for her efficient interposition in an arduous task in a moment of emergency. Signor Ravelli was, as before, a satisfactory Don Ottavio, gaining a great success in "Il mio tesoro," and Signor Navarini repeated a careful performance as Leporello; Signor Ciampi having imparted his peculiar humour to the character of Mascito, and Signor De Vascetti having been efficient in the small part of the Commendatore. The performance of "La Traviata" was conducted by Mr. Randegger, the other operas having been directed by Signor Mancinelli. Subsequent proceedings must be referred to hereafter.

Mr. Charles Hallé's second chamber music concert of his new series, at St. James's Hall, on May 18, included in the scheme an interesting pianoforte trio, by the Russian composer, Tchaikowski, which was finely rendered, as were Schumann's "Phantasistücke," Op. 88, by Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Norman-Néruda; and Herr F. Néruda; the two first-named artists having been associated in Brahms's duet sonata, Op. 78, and Mr. Hallé's solo having been Beethoven's sonata, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le Retour." The third concert was announced for May 25.

The second of Señor Sarasate's orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, on May 19, included the Spanish violinist's brilliant performances in Dr. Mackenzie's concerto, Sarasate's fantasia on airs from "Faust," and in Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." As before, orchestral pieces were effectively rendered by a full band, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins.

Herr Joseph Ludwig (violinist) and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse (violinist) began a series of three chamber concerts at Prince's Hall, on Tuesday evening, May 22. The programme of the first concert consisted of a varied selection of vocal and instrumental music.

The fifth Philharmonic concert of the present season took place at St. James's Hall—as already briefly recorded—on May 17; too late for detailed comment until now. The programme included a new orchestral work, composed expressly for the society by Mr. Silas—by whom its performance was conducted—and the first appearance this season of the eminent pianist Madame Sophie Menter. Mr. Silas's work consisted of "three mythological pieces," entitled "Aphrodite," "Vulcan," and "Pan"; the first being a graceful and melodious andante with some light and well-varied orchestration. The second is of a more vigorous character, with some passages very suggestive of the character referred to: the final movement being full of a kind of rough jollity, with some specially good effects for wind instruments. The whole work is very successful in design and treatment, and was very favourably received. Madame Menter's splendid execution of Liszt's Concerto in A gave a factitious importance to music of enormous difficulty, and of pretentiousness beyond its intrinsic merit. Madame Fürsch-Madi sang, with earnest intention, Beethoven's fine scena, "Ah! perfido," and an air ("O may lyre immortelle") from Gounod's "Sapho," Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Weber's overture to "Oberon" having completed the programme. The concert was conducted (with the exception specified) by Mr. Cowen, for the last time previous to his departure for Australia.

On the same date as that of the Philharmonic concert, young Otto Hegner gave another afternoon pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall; his wondrous powers as an executant, and his intelligence as an appreciative interpreter having been exemplified in a series of pieces by Weber, Mozart, Chopin, and Schumann.

Mdlle. Klesberg's only pianoforte recital this season—which took place recently at St. James's Hall—afforded ample evidence of her varied powers as an interpreter of music of all styles, classical and brilliant.

The concert recently given at St. James's Hall by Herr Edvard Grieg consisted entirely of compositions by this Norwegian musician, who has recently gained deserved eminence by his characteristic music and his artistic pianoforte playing. On the occasion now referred to he and

Madame Norman-Néruda gave a refined rendering of the charming sonata for piano and violin in F, Op. 8; and of the romance and finale from the third sonata (Op. 45) for the same instruments; the pianist composer having played with graceful idealism several highly characteristic solo pieces from his Op. 6, 7, 17, and 19. Some charming lieder of Grieg's composition—replete with Northern romanticism—were sung with appreciative expression by his wife, Madame Nina Grieg.

Mr. Isidore De Lara's recent vocal recital, at Steinway Hall, included the first appearance of Mdlle. Naudin, a juvenile vocalist of about nine years of age, daughter of the operatic tenor who was for many seasons popular here and abroad. The little lady displayed much aptitude for musical expression, and an agreeable quality of voice, both which will doubtless expand with the advent of greater intellectual and physical power. Mr. De Lara himself was suddenly incapacitated, by loss of voice, from singing, and songs were substituted for his share in the programme by Mr. H. Holman, a promising baritone from America, and Miss H. Dalton, who volunteered from among the audience. Miss M. Hall and Mr. De Lara's choir also contributed to the programme.

Herr Arthur Friedheim, a pianist of pretension, made his first appearance in England at a recital at Steinway Hall, on May 18, his programme having comprised pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt.

Whit Monday was celebrated by a grand popular concert at the Royal Albert Hall, the programme of which offered an interesting variety of vocal and instrumental music.—The Saturday afternoon concerts at this hall are being carried on with attractive programmes. That of May 19 included the names of several eminent solo vocalists, besides the Gentlemen of St. Paul's and a band of seventy-five performers.

On May 23 attention was directed in several quarters. In the afternoon Miss E. Lewis and Mr. H. Lebreton (vocalists) were each to give a concert—the first at Steinway Hall, the other at St. George's Hall; and Mr. Aptommas (the eminent harpist) was to begin a series of six harp concerts, including vocal pieces and the co-operation of violin, organ, and piano, at Steinway Hall. For May 24, a national concert, in celebration of the Queen's birthday, was announced to take place at the Royal Albert Hall, the programme including the co-operation of Nikita and other eminent vocalists and Mr. W. Carter's well-trained choir; the same date having been fixed for a concert of the students of the Royal College of Music; Mdlle. Hirsch's concert (at Prince's Hall) in aid of the cancer ward of Middlesex Hospital; the concert of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss José Sherrington at Chelsea; Mr. R. Livings's concert at 6, Cromwell Houses; and Mr. W. Van Noorden's concert at Steinway Hall. On May 26, Signor Denza's annual concert is to take place at Prince's Hall in the evening.

Among several approaching musical events of interest will be the first of the two farewell concerts of Madame Christine Nilsson, organised by Mr. Kuhe. The date of the earlier occasion is Thursday afternoon, May 31, when she is to sing "Elsa's Dream" (from "Lohengrin"), Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the jewel song from "Faust," and in the duet "La luna immobile" from Boito's "Mefistofele" with Madame Trebelli.

Mr. Hugh Normandy's matinée musicale will take place on Saturday afternoon, June 2 (by permission of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Gildea), at 7, Knaresborough-place, S.W., under the immediate patronage of Princess Frederica and Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck.

A concert is announced for June 6 at Dudley House, Park-lane, under the immediate patronage of the Countess of Dudley, in aid of the Sanatorium for Diseases of the Heart and Nervous System at Brighton.

Mdlle. Hélène Richert will give a matinée musicale on the afternoon of June 6 at Portman Rooms, under distinguished patronage.

We have already referred to the arrangements for the forthcoming Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace—on June 22, 25, 27, and 29. The programme of the selection day (June 27) has just been determinately fixed, and will include several novelties and specialties of high interest. The seventh organ concerto (in B flat) will be given for the first time here, with Mr. Best, of Liverpool, as the soloist; movements from the operas "Almira," "Ottone," and "Deidamia," the oratorios "Esther," "Sampson," "Belshazzar," "Alexander's Balus," and "The Triumph of Time and Truth" will be given for the first time at these festivals.

Mr. Oluf Svendsen, principal flautist of her Majesty's private band, the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic societies, the Richter concerts, the Birmingham Festival, and other important musical institutions, died recently, in the prime of life. He was an artist of the highest skill, both as an orchestral player and a soloist.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Owing to the exceptionally fine weather, all the health and pleasure resorts within a practicable radius of London were crowded with Whit Monday holiday-makers. Many of the metropolitan Volunteer Corps were out on duty, and the suburban rifle ranges were largely attended.

Westminster Abbey was crowded by visitors, and a large congregation attended the afternoon service, after which Archdeacon Farrar gave an address on the history and lessons of the Abbey.

The third Cart-horse Parade was held in Regent's Park. There was a grand display of well-fed and gaily-bedecked animals, and diplomas were presented to the successful drivers by Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

There was a fête at Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, and the number of visitors was very large. The fête was organised by the committee of the Westminster Museum of Science and Art, the Duke of Westminster placing the grounds and hall at the service of the committee, and the proceeds are devoted to the liquidation of the debt on the museum. Most gratifying results were obtained.

The Royal Berks Yeomanry Cavalry, consisting of the Reading, Newbury, Hungerford, and Wantage troops, and commanded by Colonel Wiles, paraded at Newbury, and were drilled for several hours. The regimental sports took place on May 23.

The Lancashire Sunday-school holidays were inaugurated in Manchester by a monster procession of Church of England schools. Over forty schools combined in a procession, which was organised in Albert-square, in front of the Townhall, and in which 25,000 children took part, accompanied by nearly thirty bands of music. Other schools held individual processions in their respective districts.

The National Cyclists' Union sports took place at Coventry, on the splendid track, in fine weather.

The Belgian Burgomasters and Aldermen who were in the metropolis for a few days on a visit to the Lord Mayor left London on May 17 on their return to Belgium. Besides the £100 they have subscribed for the British Home for Incurables, they handed to the Lord Mayor a cheque for £50 for the Belgian Benevolent Society in London.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The two May Drawingrooms have been eminently successful. Never were more beautiful gowns worn, or pretty débutantes more numerous. The popularity of heliotrope continues unabated, and yellow and grey also appeared largely in the elaborate confections worn. Green is much used, and the varieties of names given to its numerous shades is quite a study. There is pistache, and there is absinthe, and there is lizard, and there is young leaf, and there is duck's egg, and there is tender green, and there is new apple, besides the more familiar Chartreuse, bronze, réséda, eau-de-Nil, mousse, grass, sea, emerald, and myrtle greens! There is the very slightest difference between some of these shades—you pay your money and you take your choice of nomenclature. Green in some one of its many shades combines with almost every colour. Even yellow reverts to a myrtle velvet train, and a yellow silk petticoat with panel of myrtle, was seen; while pink and green and pale blue and green are ordinary combinations.

Perhaps the most original gown worn at the last Drawing-room was one with a petticoat entirely covered with Parma violets, under a bodice and train of wide white and mauve satin stripes; the vest and a revers the full length of the train were of violets, too. A bouquet of the real blossoms was carried. Another uncommon costume was a train of royal blue velvet, with four fan-shaped pleatings of white satin duchesse let in, beginning about a yard from the lower end of the train; the petticoat was of white satin, with pearl embroidery, and a garniture of white tulle and cornflowers. A réséda bodice and train had a lining of salmon pink, which turned back on each side, and contrasted admirably with the delicate green; but the petticoat being of pale blue crêpe de Chine, the mixture became rather too complicated for good taste. A dress with Grecian-looking draperies from the top to the hem, so cleverly arranged that it was quite impossible to perceive the juncture of the bodice and skirt folds, was novel and successful. The material in which these drapings were carried out was that delicate, silky, yet ethereal fabric called mousseline de soie; and a trail of mauve orchids passed from shoulder to hem. The train above this was a white striped brocade—that is to say, a white moiré stripe alternated with a white stripe brocaded with a floral design. A handsome dress had a petticoat of cream satin embroidered with pearls, and a vest to match, with bodice and train of striped black moiré, the entire length of the train down the centre being covered with a wide scarf of white point d'Alençon. The wearer of this gown presented her daughter in a dress of white striped silk with petticoat of satin loosely covered with tulle trimmed with jasmine and lilies.

The Royal party had evidently dressed with remembrance of the Silver anniversary, the Princess herself wearing what is described as a very beautiful silver brocade, with a flounce of silver lace, looped with ostrich feathers; while her three daughters (Princess Maud, eighteen years old now, making her first appearance at a Drawingroom) were all dressed alike, in trains of white fancy striped satin, a plain and a brocaded stripe alternately, with petticoats of white silk covered with tulle, draped with white ribbons. In the numerous public appearances which the Princess of Wales has made during the past few weeks, she has worn silver-grey invariably. It has also been noticed that H.R.H. has worn a considerable number of jewels, far more than she has hitherto been in the habit of donning. This is, no doubt, the result of the appeal which the poor jewellers of Birmingham made a few months ago to the Princess to aid in the revival of their industry, to which H.R.H. gave an encouraging reply.

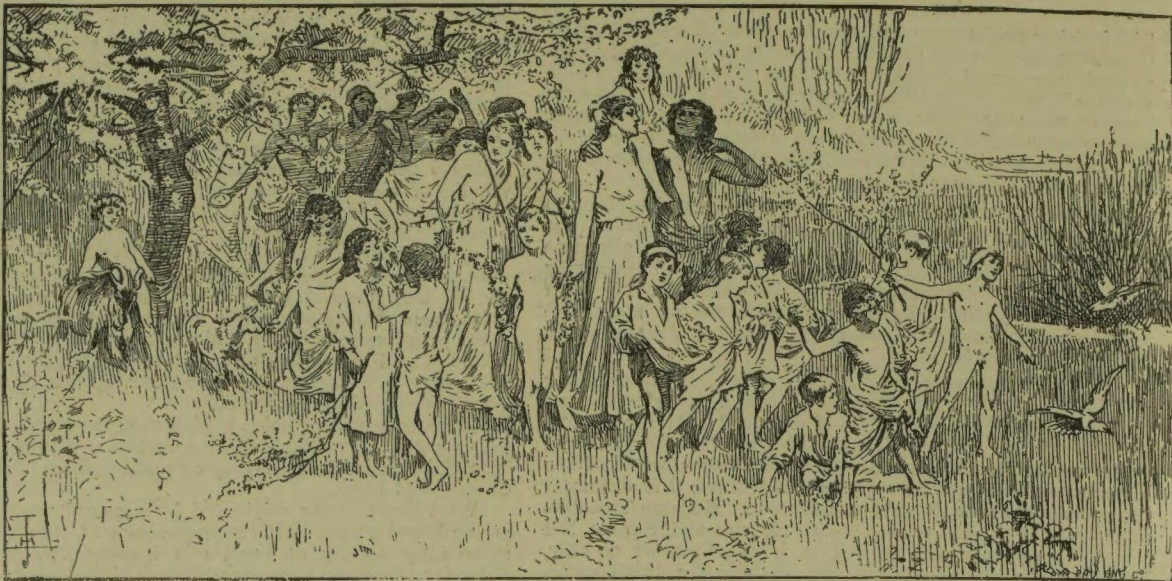
The makers of silver-plate have not had the *nous* to follow this example, and appeal to the same influential quarter for aid in reviving the use of plate. They have gone instead to Parliament, and have asked for the duty, which now to some extent checks the manufacture, to be taken off. The appeal was naturally and properly refused by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. As taxes must be levied on something, it is most suitable that luxuries should be taxed first; and as regards plate, though there seem to be some anomalies about the incidence of the tax that should be remedied, it can hardly be seriously thought that the use of silver is appreciably diminished by the taxation. No, it is the fickleness of fashion that the manufacturers of silver must contend against. Flowers are now the universal decoration of dinner-tables. Epergnes, or troughs which hold flowers, are desired to be as unobtrusive and as fragile as possible, so that they may be almost concealed by the blossoms and the foliage which they contain. Even where much splendid plate is possessed already it is not shown; and at Windsor itself, and at the London Mansion House, the fine gold plate that once used to decorate the dinner-table on State occasions is now relegated to a sideboard. At a dinner given last week to a famous statesman, the centre of the table was a great bank of roses, in several varieties but only two colours—yellow and deep red. The yellow ones formed the centre, with the crimson ones worked into them so as to show the initials of the honoured guest, and the deep red roses were also placed to form a deep border of varying widths around the whole composition. Now, the whole of this elaborate decoration was done by means of a tray of moist silver sand, into which the stems were stuck, and of glass troughs in which lay the almost stemless blossoms composing the bordering. So long as this really extravagant taste for floral decoration continues, the silver trade must languish.

I reported a little while ago on the decision of the authorities of Cambridge University not to admit ladies to degrees. They combined with their refusal a suggestion that degrees might be given to women at Cambridge by the establishment of a distinct body of examiners, "in a position to deal with the problems specially affecting women's education, which," so they said, "arise from time to time." I now note with satisfaction that the authorities of Girton College have sent to the Senate a warm protest against that mischievous suggestion. It would be fatal to the education of women in connection with Cambridge University if such a separate examination and such separate regulations were introduced. The examination might be as difficult as that for the ordinary degrees, or even far more so, but it would never carry any weight. If women students can reach the same standard of attainment as men, why should they not be admitted to the same tests and have the same degrees? The suggestion that there is a special educational course suitable only to the female mind, is in the spirit which has reduced the education of women to so wretched a point in past generations. There would be as much reason in proposing that sex should be considered in bodily diet as in suggesting the different courses of developing study, different kinds of culture, should be applied to male and female minds. If some grotesque lunatic were to advise that boys should eat beef and girls eat only mutton, it would be considered a good joke; yet gentlemen who at least ought to have some clear ideas on the nature and purposes of educational training, gravely propose to institute an equally absurd and unnatural distinction between the subjects which should develop the male and those which should expand the female mind.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER

PICTURES AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY AND NEW GALLERY.

Since the opening of the Art Exhibitions of the season in London, at the commencement of the month of May, our critical chronicler of such events has described the most remarkable pictures in the different collections placed on view. Those of which we now present Engravings are to be found at the Grosvenor Gallery and at the New Gallery. It is enough here to indicate the character of their subjects, leaving the appreciation of their artistic merits to writers already busied in the task of noticing them from the connoisseur's point of view, which requires a careful inspection of the original paintings. As a classical study of nude figures, Mr. Weguelin's picture of "Bacchus with the Nymphs" has the interest belonging to a theme often treated with effect by artists of the Renaissance school. Mr. Briton Rivière's group of the youthful hunter, Adonis, with his eager hounds gambolling around him, as he bids farewell to Cytherea or Venus, is not only a graceful and spirited representation of animal life and activity, but recalls a pathetic ancient story, best known to English readers from Shakspeare's beautiful narrative poem. The scene depicted by Mr. Arthur Hacker is one that has been impressed on the imagination of all readers of the Bible, occurring in that introductory verse of the touching Hebrew Psalm of exile:—"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept; yea, we wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion." Mr. Lance Calkin's picture of the aged man and the young girl, resting at sunset by the roadside, with its significant



THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.—G. P. JACOMB-HOOD. (Grosvenor Gallery.)



BACCHUS AND THE CHORUS OF NYMPHS.—J. R. WEGUELIN. (New Gallery.)

accessories, is a commentary on the transitory nature of life, the true moral of the lines inscribed beneath this picture—

All pass away,
As the glimmering day,
While others as fleet are born.

The adventure of a noble family of French Huguenot refugees, shipwrecked on the coast of Suffolk, which Mr. Britten has illustrated, appeals to our sympathies by the helpless condition of the lady who is being carried ashore, and by the tokens of disaster and perplexity attending the arrival of these unhappy exiles on the English shore. We are specially permitted by Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood to copy his important picture, "The Triumph of Spring," the copyright of which has been registered; it will remind many visitors to the Grosvenor Gallery of some of the most pleasing compositions of Italian masters. Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Zenobia," is a noble figure of the high-souled Queen of Palmyra, after her defeat by the Romans, already wearing the chain of captivity, taking her last look at the beautiful city over which she had ruled.

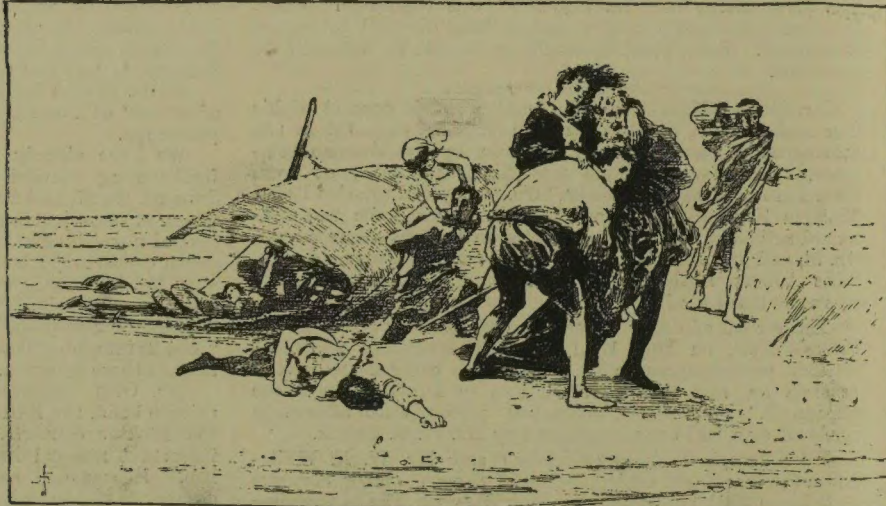
The New English Art Club intends to issue free tickets for artisans or any whose means and occupations forbid the ordinary visit. The committee, being unable to throw open their doors on Sunday, have chosen Thursday evening, and on May 24 will receive all who have obtained tickets.



"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON."—ARTHUR HACKER. (Grosvenor Gallery.)



"ALL PASS AWAY."—LANCE CALKIN. (Grosvenor Gallery.)



SHIPWRECKED FAMILY OF HUGUENOT REFUGEES.—W. E. F. BRITTEN. (Grosvenor Gallery.)

These may be had in any reasonable number of the acting secretary, at the gallery, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The society has already by its constitution, its equal voting, and other methods unknown to the

older corporate bodies, shown much worthy of imitation, and this step it is to be hoped will cause the older galleries to allow the working classes to share in the pleasure of looking at pictures on at least one or two nights during the season.

The Executive Council of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition, 1889, announce that they are prepared to receive applications from intending exhibitors up to June 9, when the allotment of space will commence.

The Charity Commissioners have agreed to give £50,000 towards the establishment of a Polytechnic for South-west London, provided a similar sum can be raised by the inhabitants for the erection and maintenance; and Lord Cadogan has offered a site for the proposed institute in the centre of Chelsea.

The annual dinner of the Wandering Minstrels' Amateur Orchestral Society took place on May 17, General Sir Henry De Bathe in the chair. This society is now in its twenty-seventh year, and has given by concerts over £15,000 to the different charities. Its present conductor is Mr. Lionel Benson, who succeeded the late Lord Fitzgerald, and Mr. Henry Curtis is honorary secretary.



ADONIS'S FAREWELL.—BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. (Grosvenor Gallery.)



ZENOBIA'S LAST LOOK AT PALMYRA.—HERBERT SCHMALZ. (New Gallery.)

ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY BAZAAR.

Since the institution of this bazaar in 1881, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes, in aid of which it is held annually, have largely increased. The small cottage at Eastney has expanded into a beautiful and well-furnished home, with a lecture-hall; the "Rest" has been established at Malta; far away at Cairo, in the Ismailia quarter, there is a new Home; and farther away still, in Mandalay, at Simon's Town, at Secunderabad, and at Dum-Dum and Hong-Kong, there have been successfully founded new resting-places for the British soldier or sailor. Seven years ago the Homes were seven in number—they are now fourteen—and "to assist in giving full effectiveness to those fourteen Homes" is the object of the fund, to which the proceeds of this bazaar will be devoted. It was opened on Thursday, May 17, by the Princess of Wales, who was accompanied by the Prince, and Princesses Victoria and Maud, at the Hôtel Métropole, Northumberland-avenue. The Royal party was received by Sir George Hayter Chubb, the Rev. W. H. Allen, and Mr. W. H. Walker, the secretary. The "Grand Dining-room" had been fitted up as a reception-room, with a rope-lined and carpeted gangway. The Royal party took their places on the dais, and the opening ceremony was conducted with State solemnity. Lady Chubb having presented a bouquet to the Princess of Wales, the executive having been introduced by Sir George Chubb, the illustrated handbook of the bazaar, and a copy of the little journal that is to live and record the proceedings of this charitable fair for the next few days, having been handed to their Royal Highnesses by Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G., the orchestral band of the Queen's or Westminster Volunteers played and sang, to the majestic tune of the "Old Hundredth," a simple and, if the expression may be used, "straightforward" hymn in four stanzas, beginning "O Lord of Hosts, whom we adore." The Rev. John Walton, President of the Wesleyan Conference, having delivered a short prayer, the ceremony of offering purses was proceeded with. First the children, then the ladies, and after them



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCESS IRENE OF HESSE.
GRANDCHILDREN OF QUEEN VICTORIA, BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

soldiers and sailors, marched up the central aisle, and gave the offerings to the Princess of Wales; the children and the ladies curtseyed, the soldiers and sailors saluted with precision; and this purse-presenting ceremony has rarely been done with more perfect drill and nice observance of the proprieties. The Prince of Wales replied to the address, read by Sir George Chubb, which described the

day evening, Sept. 11, a soirée; and on Wednesday, Sept. 12, the concluding general meeting will be held at 2.30 p.m. The sections are:—A. Mathematical and Physical Science; B. Chemical Science; C. Geology; D. Biology; E. Geography; F. Economic Science and Statistics; G. Mechanical Science; H. Anthropology. Excursions in the neighbourhood of Bath will be made on Saturday, Sept. 8, and on Thursday, Sept. 13.

progress of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes. Their Royal Highnesses were then conducted to the bazaar, which was duly opened. It occupied the entire suite of apartments known as the Whitehall Rooms of the hotel, and contained fifteen stalls, representing West, South, South-east, and North London, Nottingham and Derby, Dublin and Belfast, Birmingham, Sheffield, Bristol, Manchester, Liverpool, and the Potteries. The stall of Irish lace was presided over by the Countess De La Warr, the Countess of Aberdeen, Viscountess Dalrymple, and the Dowager Lady Westbury. The Prince and Princess and their daughters inspected the contents of the stalls, and made many purchases, one of which, a cushion of neat design, made by a Woolwich bombardier, deserves honourable mention. At the flower stall, under green arches, bouquets were presented to the young Princesses, and at the stall devoted to Irish lace the Royal party stayed some time. The "purse money" amounted to over £5000, which goes a fair way to make up the £10,000 the fund requires to carry on its good work.



OPENING OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY BAZAAR: THE PRINCESS OF WALES RECEIVING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM REGIMENTS AND SHIPS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

No one who has followed Mr. Wilson Barrett's long and honourable career at the Princess's Theatre can fail to see how he has striven to improve the tone, the literature, and the inner meaning of the purely pictorial drama. Quite apart from their success or failure, their popularity or the reverse, the production of such works as "Claudian" and "Junius" is a noteworthy circumstance in the history of any management. But Mr. Wilson Barrett did not rest there. In putting forth purely popular melodrama of an orthodox kind the energetic manager did not omit to encourage, foster, and develop the quick humour and strong humanity of Mr. G. R. Sims, the experience and dramatic instinct of Mr. Herman, or the poetic faculty and wholesome imagination of Mr. H. A. Jones. No sooner is Mr. Barrett back again in his own theatre, even as a welcome and an honoured guest, than he immediately puts on the shelf the well-advertised sensation-drama, the drama depending on murders in cabs, and fire-engines scampering across the stage, and niggers hunted through swamps, and real bloodhounds, and all the rest of the paltry paraphernalia, and gives us—say people what they will about it—a noble play, written by a scholar, and arranged for production by a manager of keen dramatic instinct and wholesome taste. We have always held that there was a well-built, habitable, half-way house between classicism and claptrap. We cannot continually have Shakespeare, or plays essentially archaic in form and poetic in dialogue. It is no use riding the classic horse to death. But a play like "Ben-my-Chree" is a very admirable compromise, for it is as pictorial as any of its showy predecessors, and as full of dignity as a Greek tragedy. Both Mr. Hall Caine, the author of "The Deemster," and Mr. Wilson Barrett, the prime mover in its dramatisation, are earnestly to be congratulated, notwithstanding the fact that the story of Mr. Hall Caine's novel introduces us to scenes wholly new to the stage, to customs entirely strange to almost the whole audience, to quaint descriptions of the constitution of the Isle of Man with which few are supposed to be familiar, to curious semi-Celtic superstitions, to the warfare between the constituted authorities of the law and the Church, to descriptions of the three-handed conflict between an immoral governor of the island, a vindictive Deemster and an excommunicating Bishop.

Still, for all that, the interest of "Ben-my-Chree" is as true and as absorbing as if the scene were in Old Ireland, the governor: the emissary of the detested English Government, the Deemster an officer in the Irish Constabulary, or the Bishop a Catholic dignitary, armed with full powers as granted by the Holy See. The Isle of Man gives the local colour, the Celtic customs do not interfere with the balance of interest, and the story of Dan Mylrea, a Manx Hugh Trevor, a Celtic Sidney Carton, an ideal hero and a splendid specimen of manhood, is as fine, as human, and as sympathetic as any told on the stage for many a long year. It is assumed, not always on good grounds, that an English audience is never content with anything but clap-trap. We doubt it. We believe that in their heart of hearts they sympathise with no one more than with the genuine, reckless dare-devil; the man with a soft heart and a strong muscle; the village hero turned scamp by the mistrust of society and the sneers of the worldly wise; the brave lad who, in spite of his breakings-out and his Bohemian proclivities, always has the warmest corner in the hearts of the best and purest women who have studied his character and his nature. Dan Mylrea is no electro-plated hero. There is nothing sham about him. He knows his faults and never conceals them. There is not an atom of cant or hypocrisy in his composition, and there can be nothing more interesting than watching the career of a man as fate-haunted as Orestes, who, trying to be good, always gets the knock-down blow; whose love is turned to gall; whose best impulses are crushed out of him; who, from an angry quarrel forced upon him, is manufactured into a murderer; who elects to suffer in order to save others from pain; who is tried, condemned, and sentenced to a punishment worse than death; who is banished as an outcast into the wilderness of solitude; who is left alone with the despairing silence of Nature and the awful companionship of a wasted life, and meets his death in the noblest way a man can die to save the honour of the woman he loves. No more noble sermon of humanity was ever preached from pulpit than this, and we cannot conceive the existence, or envy the possession, of a heart untouched by the presentment of such scenes as the quick, sharp, decisive struggle that turns a passionate boy into a murderer; as the anguish of the father who is compelled to sentence his only child to death in life; as the stern and awful picture of the outcast alone with Nature—the one solitary figure standing out against a background of everlasting silence; as his noble endurance of the inevitable, or as his supremely beautiful death—almost locked in the arms of his beloved.

A wild and, we trust, fruitless attempt has been made to induce Mr. Hall Caine to alter the conclusion of his play and to give it what these theatrical speculators call a "happy ending." He will be told that it is too sad, too gloomy, too unrelieved by what some people call humour, and others desperate boredom. He will be urged to revise it for America; to break down the whole purpose of the play, and to resort to the miserable expedient of bringing the dead Ewan to life in order to please the unimaginative people who cannot conceive that tragedy can ever be popular in a pictorial form. Let Mr. Hall Caine close his ears to such bad advice and do nothing of the kind. His work is too noble to be made vulgar by the tawdry theatrical speculator. There is but one ending to the life of Dan Mylrea—death. There is but one conclusion of his beloved one's sorrows—death also. How could any man survive the death of such a woman? how could a woman endure for half an hour the loss of such a self-sacrificing hero? The people who watch plays are not such barbarians as they are made out to be. They may not be writers, or authors, or critics; but they have a strong poetic instinct existent though undeveloped. Is there a woman—and your woman is the best critic after all—who would have the heroine of "Ben-my-Chree" outlive her oath of chastity, or would have her hero-lover deprived of his triumph of rest? What more can be done! What more can be said! Could death come in a form more beautiful than it does to this agonised woman when she finds the arms of her lover enfolded about her, and his kiss of idolatry on her dying lips? Could rest from sorrow be ever more grateful? Could the "requiem eternum" ever sound so rapturous? Could the poppy scent of departure be ever more alluring than to the man whose life's trials, whose weary pilgrimage, are at an end, and who sees beyond the portals of Death's palace the shining silver gates that lead to hallowed music, balmy sleep, to rest eternal, everlasting love! Where can be the sadness, where the gloom, to such as believe that death is but the prelude to eternity?

It has been generally and rightly conceded that Mr. Wilson Barrett has never before played with such genuine force, such fire, such dramatic vigour and intensity, as in this character of Dan Mylrea. It is a man after Mr. Wilson Barrett's own heart. His fine, manly, generous Yorkshire nature goes out to a man like this, and he emphasises his every vice as strongly as his every virtue. Mr. Barrett was always a picturesque

actor: he is never more picturesque than in lowly attire. When in his brick-red fisherman's dress he stands out alone against a background of deserted mountain, the one sole figure in the awful desolation, he gives the mind an impression that is not easily forgotten. We think of Martin's picture of "The Last Man," and shudder, and this is surely the very idea that the dramatist intends to convey. The whole idea of the character is admirably realised by the actor, but the murder-scene strikes one as being particularly fine and well conceived. First the easy, jaunty air of self-confidence, the utter ignorance of the coming catastrophe; then the deprecatory tone that resents the idea of fighting with a man that Dan has loved: then the quick, hot fire of passion kindled into life by a coward's blows; then the savagery that turns the man into a beast, the sight of blood and the thirst for it, the low roar like an angry lion; then the savage glee of the deed accomplished, the glut and glow of victory; then the wild, speechless astonishment, the refusal of the mind to contemplate the horror; and lastly, that dumb agony of despair that leads to the Cain-cry of humiliation and hopelessness. It is a very fine specimen of true tragic acting, and it has raised Mr. Barrett in the estimation of all who closely study dramatic art. The author-actor is well and loyally supported by his company. Miss Eastlake brings all her earnest sympathy and devotion to bear on the character of Dan's beloved; Mr. Maclean is tender and pathetic as the old Bishop—a splendid character that calls for the dignity and elocutionary power of a tragedian; Mr. George Barrett is admirable as a kind of fisherman Horatio to this fate-haunted Manx Hamlet; and Mr. Fulton does well as the passionate cousin Ewan, who is not so interesting in the play as in the book. At any rate, the "Ben-my-Chree" is a play to be seen, studied, and admired. Intellectually considered, there is no more interesting drama now running in London.

Amongst our earnest young actresses who have the patience to learn and the courage to study, and who are continually qualifying themselves for a position of importance on the stage, may be mentioned Miss Annie Rose (Mrs. Horace Nevill), who has recently taken a bold but successful step. She has, at a matinee arranged for the purpose, played Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," and with such charm that she will be encouraged to continue her ambitious career. The congratulations this lady received from friends and art-companions were unquestionably sincere; and the time, no doubt, will come when so refined an actress will be found in the company of a first-class comedy theatre.

Miss Julia Neilson, another of our promising actresses, has been well advised to play Galatea instead of Cynisca in Mr. Gilbert's fanciful play. Her success at a recent Savoy matinee was very emphatic, particularly in the lighter scenes of pure comedy. This young lady has a very striking appearance, a musical voice, an admirable method, and time, with perhaps life's strange experience, will teach her the deeper tones and wilder notes that can be sounded on the instrument that she has chosen. Mr. Lewis Waller made an excellent Pygmalion, and is one of the few actors who knows how to use a voice of varied compass.

Admiral Commerell has assumed the duties of Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

Among the daintiest perfumes of the day may be noted Messrs. Breidenbach's extract of Neapolitan violets.

Two life-boats, the gift of Miss Caroline Berrey in memory of her parents, were dedicated and launched at Sutton-by-the-Sea, on Whit Monday.

Mr. Arthur Pease occupied the chair at the annual meeting of the Peace Society, which was held in Finsbury Chapel on May 22. Resolutions were adopted in favour of a permanent treaty of arbitration between England and the United States.

On May 22 the consecration of the Rev. J. J. Pulleine, Rector of Stanhope, in Durham, as Bishop of Penrith (Bishop Suffragan of Ripon), took place in York Minster in the presence of a large gathering of the clergy and laity of the Northern Province.

A full-length portrait of the Queen, painted by Mr. Catterson Smith, R.H.A., by direction of the council, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, was unveiled in the board-room of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, on May 22, by the Lord Lieutenant, in the presence of a distinguished assembly.

The London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements so that trains may be dispatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their race-course station on the Epsom Downs, near the Grand Stand, on the Derby and Oaks Days; and for the convenience of passengers from the northern and midland counties arrangements have been made with the several railway companies to issue through tickets to the Race-course Station from all their principal stations via Kensington or Victoria, to which stations the trains of the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running.

Mr. C. E. Fryer, Inspector of Fisheries, has presented to the Board of Trade his report upon the inquiry held by him into the complaints as to the injury done to the coast fisheries from the discharge of London rubbish on the fishery grounds, and in proximity to the oyster layings. The report deals elaborately with the industries affected, and repeats the suggestion made by fishermen, that little harm would be done if the contractors were compelled to discharge this rubbish in the channels known as the Black Derf and the Barrow Derf. The Inspector concludes by suggesting that the Board of Trade should have power to make bye-laws and regulations for the deposit of this refuse on application of the county authority, or a board of conservators.

At a court of assistants held at the corporation house, Bloomsbury-place, on May 19—Earl Powis, vice-president, in the chair—the Governors of the Sons of the Clergy Corporation made a further distribution of the Clergy Distress Fund raised by the corporation at the instance of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the relief of the present distress amongst the glebe and tithe-owning clergy. Among the eighty applications twenty-six dioceses were represented. The grants amounted to £2833, making a total since March of £5613. The vacancies upon the list of clergymen's widows and daughters receiving annual pensions from the ordinary funds of the corporation were filled up by the election of eighteen widows and twenty daughters, and grants were made to the unsuccessful candidates, and for the education of clergymen's children, amounting to £1660.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MAY 26, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Threepence-halfpenny*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and attended by a numerous suite, left Windsor Castle on Monday night, May 21, for Scotland, the departure of the Royal travellers being witnessed by a large assemblage of spectators, who lined the route through the town to the Great Western Station. The Queen and Princess Beatrice were met in the private waiting-room of the station by Princess Christian and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, who had driven from Cumberland Lodge. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, having taken leave of Princess Christian, quitted Windsor at twenty minutes past eight o'clock; and arrived at Balmoral on the afternoon of the following day, having been warmly cheered at the stations on the way. Prince Henry of Battenberg did not accompany the Queen and Princess Beatrice, having left Windsor by the five minutes past four o'clock train for London, whence he proceeded on Tuesday with his children to Scotland. Her Majesty is expected to reside in Scotland till about June 20, when the Court returns to Windsor.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Prince and Princesses Victoria and Maud, on May 17 opened a Naval and Military Bazaar at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, in aid of Homes for Soldiers and Sailors. The Prince left Marlborough House for Windsor on the 18th on a visit to the Queen. His Royal Highness lunched with her Majesty, and returned to London in the afternoon. Her Royal Highness and her daughters paid an informal visit to the grounds of the Anglo-Danish Exhibition. In the evening the Prince and Princess visited the Globe Theatre. On the 19th the Prince of Wales, Honorary Colonel of the brigade, inspected the Norfolk Artillery Militia in the forts at Sheerness, where they are at present stationed. The Prince left Marlborough House on Monday evening, May 21, for Berlin, to attend the wedding of Princess Irene; and the Princess, with her three daughters and Prince George of Greece, witnessed the performance of "The Pirates of Penzance," at the Savoy Theatre.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT BERLIN.

The marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia, second son of his Majesty the Emperor Frederick, King of Prussia, and of the Empress Victoria, eldest daughter of her Majesty our Queen, to his cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse, third daughter of the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse, and of the late Grand Duchess, Princess Alice of Great Britain, was solemnised on Thursday, May 24, in the Chapel Royal of the Palace at Charlottenburg at Berlin, in the presence of the German Imperial family, the Prince of Wales, uncle to both the bride and bridegroom, the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, representing the Czar, the Grand Duke of Hesse, father of the bride, and other personages of high rank. We give Portraits of Prince Henry and Princess Irene: he is twenty-five years of age, having been born on Aug. 14, 1862; and she is twenty-one, her birth having taken place on July 11, 1866. These portraits are from a joint photograph taken by A. Halwas, and sold by G. Liersch, of Berlin.

The Prince of Wales, who represented Queen Victoria at this marriage, arrived at Berlin, from London, on Tuesday evening, May 22, and was met at the station by the Crown Prince of Germany and Prince Henry, their sister, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and her husband; his Royal Highness went to stay at the British Embassy.

Princess Irene of Hesse, with her father, brother, and sister, arrived at Berlin on Wednesday evening, the day before the wedding. They were met at the Charlottenburg station by the Empress of Germany, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, and were guests of the Emperor and Empress at the Palace of Charlottenburg.

The nuptial ceremony was attended by all those invited, and by the Ministers and high officials of the Court of Berlin, and several foreign Ambassadors. The younger sister of the bride, Princess Alice of Hesse, and three unmarried younger sisters of the bridegroom, Princess Victoria, Princess Sophie, and Princess Margaret of Prussia, bore the part of bridesmaids. After the wedding breakfast, Prince Henry and his newly-married wife set forth to pass their honeymoon at Erdmannsdorf, which they were expected to reach about half-past eight in the evening. At the hotel on the top of the Schneekoppe, the highest peak of the neighbouring Giant Mountains (Riesengebirge), a great bonfire was lit up, which was visible over a wide expanse of country in Silesia and Bohemia about the hour when the young couple reached their retreat. The Court laid aside its mourning attire on Wednesday evening and Thursday, but only the bride and the ladies of her immediate suite might wear *robes de cour* at the wedding, all the other ladies wearing long low-bodied dresses. The gentlemen were in full gala uniform, including white trousers, and wearing their respective orders. The Empress Victoria had a miniature decoration of the Order of the Black Eagle made for the occasion—a little enamel shield, with the Black Eagle on it, and set in nine hundred brilliants. The bride's wedding-dress was adorned with sprigs of myrtle and orange, and with the lace which the late Grand Duchess Princess Alice of England wore at her own wedding. This and the exquisite veil remain heirlooms in the House of Hesse as ornaments for its brides.

Of the wedding presents we may mention that Queen Victoria had given the Princess her whole trousseau, besides a bracelet consisting of a sapphire set in four rings of brilliants, a quantity of costly English lace, a large Indian shawl, and a cover crocheted by the Queen's own hand. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh sent a jewel consisting of two interwoven horseshoes studded with brilliants; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught an Indian necklace of pearls and precious stones. The former governess of the late Princess Alice, the bride's mother, had given a touching souvenir of that lamented Princess, in the shape of a bracelet woven out of her hair, with a capsule on which one of her eyes is painted.

Viscount Lymington, M.P., will preside at the festival dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution at Cannon-street Hotel on Wednesday, July 4 (altered from June 20).

The Earl of Aberdeen, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess of Aberdeen arrived at Plymouth on May 21, and next day opened a bazaar and an Irish fair in the Guildhall, under the auspices of the Plymouth Liberal Association. The Guildhall Buildings, which are the largest of the kind in the west of England, were transformed into an old Irish town with its ancient castles, gateways, and buildings; and included in the scenery which has been specially prepared for the occasion are the lakes of the famous Blarney Castle, and other places of historical interest. The wives of many prominent Liberals in the town presided at the stalls dressed in Irish costumes, and Irish productions occupied prominent places on the stalls. The proceedings were wound up on May 25 with a ball in the Guildhall.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

A Select Committee of the House of Lords, presided over by the Earl of Dunraven, sitting weekly from Easter to Whitsuntide, examined witnesses concerning the alleged unjust and oppressive treatment of some of the poorest classes of workpeople in London, employed under what is called "the sweating system." The Earl of Derby, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Herschell, Lord Thring, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Clinton, and other Peers who take an interest in such questions, are members of this Select Committee. Among the first witnesses called were several gentlemen—Mr. Arnold White, author of "Problems of a Great City;" the Rev. W. Adamson, Vicar of Old Ford, and the Rev. James Munro; also a lady, Miss Potter; who have given much personal attention to the subject, and who are familiar with the life and habits of the poor at the East-End. From their explanations, generally, it appears that the evil complained of does not arise out of anything in the way of direct and immediate hard dealings by the large employers of labour with the workpeople; but, on the contrary, from the absence of direct and immediate relations between capitalist and labourer. The "sweater" is the middleman, who contracts with the large manufacturer for quantities of work, and then gets it done by poor people at the lowest possible cost, making enormous profits without using any capital, skill, or labour of his own. The etymology of the word "sweater" is uncertain; but as the practice essentially consists of intercepting and appropriating a portion of the money that is paid for the work by the real employer, its name may possibly be derived from the old criminal offence of clipping or grinding some of the precious metal in the handling of current coin, which used to be called "sweating." It is abundantly proved by the evidence already taken that the "sweaters" of some London trades contrive to scrape an enormous proportion, generally one-half the amount, off the payment allowed by the manufacturers, without incurring any trade risk or providing materials or tools; and it seems that their contracts are occasionally sub-let to other persons, who practise further exactions. The effect of this system, in an inverse direction, in reducing wages, is quite as oppressive as that of the Irish middleman and sub-letter of farms, before the Land Law Reform in Ireland, was in augmenting the pressure of rent far beyond the receipts of the true landlord. It may well be a question for Parliament to consider, whether contracts for getting work done in this manner should not be rendered illegal, where the undertaker, instead of seeking a reasonable commission on the job, or fair remuneration for his trouble, speculates on the misery and helplessness of a tribe of almost destitute people, who virtually become his slaves. The large manufacturing firms in London, clothiers, bootmakers, cabinet-makers, upholsterers, and those of other extensive trades, are supposed to know nothing about the sweating practices; and there may have been instances of their paying very fair prices for work entrusted to middlemen, who got the work done at starvation prices, while the wretched wages actually earned, not bearing any necessary relation to the market value of the article produced, are not to be ascribed to commercial fluctuations. The competition of poor foreigners in London, especially of Russian Jews, keeps down the English workpeople, and they have no direct access to the principal firms, but are dependent on sub-contractors, who are likewise usually Jews or Germans. It is in slop-work, in the bootmaking, tailoring, and shirt-making trades, and in some operations of upholstery, brush-making, and match-box-making, that these practices are most common. The evidence taken by the Lords' Committee, so far as it has appeared in the daily newspapers, shows that women who work at their own homes are obliged to toil from early morning until midnight for a pittance hardly enough to keep them alive, and that they also lose much time in carrying their work home. Others have to do machine-work in the "sweating dens," which are horribly unwholesome, filthy, and unventilated, and where foul diseases are contracted, likely to be communicated to the wearers of clothing made there. Our Artist, who has visited some of the victims of the "sweating system," represents four typical examples in his Sketches, to which are appended, in each case, the statement that was made to him; and we shall leave it to speak for itself, only bidding the reader to observe that the prices mentioned are what the "sweater" pays to the workman or workwoman, and that the sweater may very likely get double those prices from the respectable tradesman in whose shop the things are to be sold. One would think it cannot be to the interest of respectable tradesmen to allow this system to continue. The obvious remedy is for them to establish proper factories, under the legal regulations and official inspection provided by the Factory Acts, for the work of making articles of ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, and various parts of upholstery and cabinet-making. Such establishments in the great towns of the United States, and, we believe, also in Paris and other cities of Europe, are well-conducted and commercially successful. In general, the modern factory system is the method of industry most conducive to the welfare of a town population, and its extension is greatly needed in London.

The Clothworkers' Company have voted £20 towards the funds of the St. Giles' Christian Mission.

The Empress Eugénie visited the Italian Exhibition on May 18, and spent several hours in viewing the art and other attractions.

The thirty-third annual festival dinner of the friends of the Poplar Hospital for Accidentals was held at the Holborn Restaurant on May 17. Lord Norton having to attend a Parliamentary Committee, his place as chairman was filled by Mr. Henry Green. The subscriptions amounted to £1349.

The Duke of Cambridge inspected the defences of Liverpool on May 17. Speaking at a banquet in the evening, he said that the more the question of our national defences was alluded to the better it would be. There is no more danger now than there usually was, but it behooved them to keep pace with the movements of foreign countries.—In reply to a request for the use of the Guildhall for a meeting on the subject of the national defences, the Lord Mayor has written saying that he is unable to accede to the request. He believes there is a strong feeling among the citizens that the discreditable panic on the subject has already gone too far. He points out that there are constitutional and proper ways for raising questions of confidence in the Government, and a public meeting would, he believes, have no effect, moral or otherwise. He can be no party to an unpatriotic agitation unworthy of this great nation.—Earl Cowper presided, on May 18, at the Royal United Service Institution, where Rear-Admiral Colomb read a paper upon "Our National Naval Defence." He commenced by describing the necessity for Great Britain always holding the Channel; and said for the defence of these islands we should, as suggested by Lord St. Vincent, always have our fleet ready for blockading all ports, which, he thought, was much safer than the proposal of Lord Howe that the naval forces should remain at home in an expectant attitude. He considered it imperative that we should at once adopt Lord St. Vincent's plan.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H W B (Brighton).—Thanks for communication, which is noticed below.

GUSTAV MOUSCH.—Your last Problem shows more constructive skill, but is still weak. We regret your opinion differs from ours regarding the position you mention.

L DESANGES.—Some of the variations are pretty; but glaring duals spoil the problem. If Black reply with B to Q 3rd, White mates by Q takes B or R to B 4th; and if Black plays B to K 4th, there are three different mates. Eliminate these faults and we may perhaps entertain your contribution.

P DALY.—Rather too simple, although showing knowledge of correct construction.

J G CAMPBELL.—We are sorry for the flaw in your excellent three-mover, and trust you will soon put it right.

G E BARBER.—Card received, but problem not to hand.

A FARMER and J E SINGLETON.—Your proposed solution of No. 2301 both overlook the effect of Black answering with Kt takes R.

W H D (Woburn).—If, instead of K takes Kt, Black replies with Kt to Q Kt 6th, how is there mate in two moves?

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2292 received from Lance-Corporal P Edwards (Banikhet, India); of No. 2293 from Lance-Corporal P Edwards and J Green (Bombay); of No. 2294 from Lance-Corporal P Edwards, J Green, and W W G; of No. 2298 from An Old Lady (Paterson) and Fortamps (Brussels); of No. 2299 from Thos Chown, Lieut-Col. Lorraine, and M Sharp; of No. 2300 from W T Smith, A E R Joynt, P R Gibbs, E T Gibbs, T G (Ware), A P Vaughn (Brighton), G E Boys, W Shaw (Sheffield), W H W (Cleckheaton), and J Greeness.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2301 received from Mrs Kelly (Lifton), Thos Chown, J Ross, J Hall, Jupiter Junior, W E Harris, E Casella (Paris), L Wyman, W Hillier, E Phillips, Howard A, I Sharswood, D McCoy, J R Newman, G J Venable, S J Hall, Bernard Reynolds, Dr F St, C J Boorne, Columbus, Odium Club, T Roberts, Eastcheap, E H, T G (Ware), Major Pritchard, G T Addison (York), W R Hatfield, R F S Banks, Julia Short, G E P, R Worters (Canterbury), Blair H Cochrane, Mrs W J Baird, J F Wilkinson (B.A.), L Penfold, Lieut-Col. Lorraine, Hereward, Dane John, J Greeness, James Kistruck, Shadforth, W Ellis, J G Hankin, W Shaw (Sheffield), G Blaine, J W Porter, R H Brooks, J Hepworth Shaw, J D Tucker (Leeds), G E Boys, L Desanges, H B S (Tunbridge Wells), L Stevens, and F. Cole.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2299.

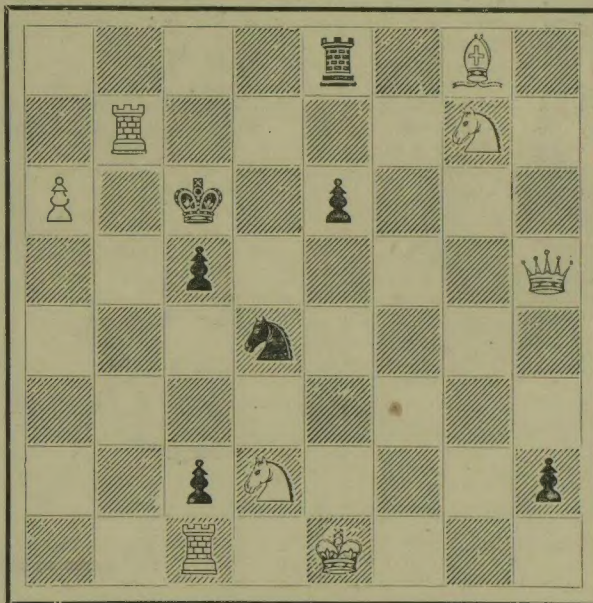
WHITE.
1. B to B sq
2. B to Q 2nd
3. Kt to Q 6th
4. Kt takes B. Mate.

BLACK.
P moves
P moves
B moves

PROBLEM No. 2303.

By PERCY EWEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following brilliant game was one of those played in Simpson's handicap. For the fine strategy exhibited by both players it is particularly worthy of study.

(Two Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Mason)	BLACK (Mr. Pollock)	WHITE (Mr. Mason)	BLACK (Mr. Pollock)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Pawns for the exchange. We believe that White discarded this line of attack.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. Q R to Q sq	K B to B h
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	B to Q R 6th at once saves a move.	
4. Castles		24. Kt to K 4th	K B to R 6th
Mr. Mason is not usually an attacking player, nor does Mr. Pollock often act on the defensive.		25. R to Q 4th	Q to Kt 4th
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes P	26. F to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd.
Kt takes Kt is the usual move, Kt to Q 3rd is inferior.		27. R to Q 3rd	P to K B 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	Well played, if Q defends B, White's R takes B, winning Q if Black retakes.	
7. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	28. Kt to E 5th	K R to K sq
8. Q takes Kt	Kt to K 3rd	Black again shows excellent judgment although this move loses the exchange. If Q R to K sq, White wins a piece by Q to Q sq.	
9. Q to Kt 4th	P to Q B 3rd	29. Q to B 3rd	B to B 4th
10. B takes Kt	Q takes B	30. Kt to B 7th	B to K 3rd
11. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd	31. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
12. Q R to Q sq	Q to K 2nd	32. Kt takes R	Q takes Kt
13. B to B sq		33. R to Q sq	Q to Kt sq
Very fine retreat, as the future uses of the piece are obscure.		34. Q to K 2nd	P to K Kt 4th
14. Q to K 2nd	P to K 4th	To prevent Q to K 5th, and fix the B.	
Out of question to try to Castle with K R. Of course P to Kt 4th to prevent P to K B 4th gives White a won game.		35. B takes P	B takes P
15. P to K B 4th	Castles	36. Q to K 5th	B to Q 4th
16. Kt to K 4th	Q to K 3rd	37. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
17. P takes P	Q takes K P	38. Q to K 5th (ch)	K to R sq
18. B to B 4th	Q takes P	39. R to K sq	P to Q R 4th
19. R to Kt sq	Q to Q 5th (ch)	40. P to R 4th	
20. K to R sq	Q B to B 4th	Exchanging Queens, we believe, to be in favour of Black eventually.	
21. Kt to Kt 3rd		40. K to R 2nd	
Compelling the Bishop to go back.		Another fine move, threatening to win outright by P to R 3rd.	
21. B to Q 2nd		41. R to K 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd
22. P to B 3rd	Q to R 5th	42. P to R 3rd	Q to R 4th
Some interesting play arises if White here moves Q to R 4th. The following seems the probable continuation:—B to Q Kt 5th; 23. R takes B, Q takes R; 24. Q takes R; 25. B to Kt 5th; 25. P to B 3rd, Q to K 2nd; 26. Q to Kt 5th; 26. K to Q 2nd; 27. Q takes P (ch), &c., and wins three		43. B to B 4th	
		The tempting move of B to K 3rd would have been fatally met by B takes P (ch); not Q takes Q at once.	
		43. Q takes P (ch)	Q to Q Kt 6th.
		44. B to R 2nd.	and the game was drawn by mutual consent.

The Brighton Chess Club has issued a circular inviting metropolitan clubs to arrange matches with it during the months of June, July, and August. Chess at the seaside ought to be a pleasant change for London players, and we hope to hear that the enterprise of the local club has been rewarded with a full programme of engagements.

The match between the Cercle des Echecs and the British Chess Club resulted in a victory for the former by two games to one and two drawn. The English club was not able to get a very good team to go over to Paris, and could only put five representatives in the field instead of eight, as originally intended. Mr. Hoffer won his game, and Messrs. Newnes and Ridpath fought the two draws.

The Amateur Championship of the British Chess Association was won by Mr. Loeck in the deciding game with Mr. Anger, who drew so luckily with Mr. Mills a few weeks ago.

On Wednesday, May 16, Mr. Blackburne paid a visit to Maidstone, and played twenty-four simultaneous games against the best players of the neighbourhood. Messrs. Hodgson and Briggs won their games, two were drawn, and the remaining twenty games were scored by the single player.

Mr. Chamberlain has been presented by Mr. Appleton, hon. secretary of the British and Foreign Arbitration Association, with an illuminated and framed address, as a permanent record of the distinguished services he rendered as Plenipotentiary for the settlement of the Fisheries Question between the United States and Canada.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 22, 1876), with two codicils (dated May 22, 1876, and Nov. 15, 1886), of Mr. John Bell, late of Rushpool Hall, Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 21 last at Villa Mustapha, Ries Mustapha Supérieur, near Algiers, was proved on May 11 by Thomas Hugh Bell, the nephew, and John Charles Bell, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £187,000. The testator states that his wife, Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Bell, has purchased a house in Algeria, and he confirms same to her, and gives her all the household furniture and effects therein; he also leaves to her £500, and for life or widowhood an annuity of £1500 and his leasehold residence, Rushpool Hall, with the furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, wines, horses and carriage. On his wife's death or marriage again, Rushpool Hall, with the said furniture and effects, is to go to his daughter Evelyn Frances. All his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate he devises to his son, John Charles Bell. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his said son and to his three daughters, Clara Ann, Evelyn Frances, and Lilian Margaret; but the £10,000 settled on his daughter Clara Ann on her marriage is to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1887), with three codicils (two dated Sept. 29, 1887, and the other April 2, 1888), of Mr. Edmund Joseph Tippinge, J.P., late of Davenport Hall, near Congleton, Cheshire, who died on April 4, was proved on May 15 by Gartside Gartside Tippinge, the Rev. Vernon Tippinge, and Lieutenant-General Alfred Tippinge, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £63,000. There are special gifts to his sister, brothers, nephews, nieces, servants, and others; and all his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, the testator leaves to his said three brothers, equally.

The will (dated July 18, 1884) of Mr. Charles John Poulden, late of Arlington Villa, No. 43, Finchley-road, who died on March 25 last, was proved on May 4 by the Rev. Charles Joseph Hughes, LL.D., Thomas Henry Alderton, and Frederick Wolfe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator gives £200 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects to his daughter, Ann Eliza; he also gives her the right to occupy his residence in Finchley-road so long as she shall think fit, and £1000 per annum, for life; £4500 each to his late wife's niece and nephew, Margaret Hughes and Thomas Henry Alderton; £3000 to the children of his late wife's nephew, William James Alderton; £1000 to his late wife's niece Mrs. Ann Dallen; £1000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £500, upon trust, to apply the income in keeping three family-tombs in repair, and to pay the remainder to the Incumbent of St. John's Church, Marylebone, to be distributed at his discretion among the poor people in the almshouses in St. John's-wood-terrace; and legacies to godchildren, cousin, and friends. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay at his daughter's death, if she shall so appoint, £500 per annum to her husband, and subject thereto for her children.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1883), with three codicils (dated Jan. 17 and 18, and April 3, 1888), of Mr. Richard John Brassey, late of No. 8, Albert-mansions, Victoria-street, who died on April 16 at Brighton, was proved on May 15 by Ebenezer Homan, William Gilmour Cuthbertson, and Alderson Berthon, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to St. George's Hospital, Westminster Hospital, Middlesex Hospital, King's College Hospital, and Charing-cross Hospital; £500 each to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital and the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution; £6000, upon trust, to pay the income to his housekeeper, Lydia Fawcett, for life, and at her death as to £5000 thereof for St. George's Hospital; £4000 each to his brother, Major Willoughby Brassey, and his nephews Colonel Thomas Porter Berthon and Alderson Berthon; £2000 each to his sister, Mrs. Mary Hancock, and his nephew Willoughby Berthon; £1000 to his niece Fanny Price; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his said nephew Alderson Berthon.

The will (dated June 30, 1887) of Mr. John Phillips Judd, J.P., D.L., late of Maces Richling, Essex, and of No. 10, Corn Exchange-chambers, Seething-lane, who died on April 9, was proved on May 15 by Francis Savile Harry Judd, the son, and Charles Gayton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator charges all his freehold and copyhold property with the payment of £200 per annum to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Emma Donna Judd, the widow of his late son, Bertram George Scott Judd, and, subject thereto, devises same to his son, Francis Savile Harry, for life, with remainder to his grandson, Harry Scott Judd, the son of his said late son. He bequeaths £5000 to his said son, Francis Savile Harry; and to each of his children (including his last-named son) such sum as, with the amount they are entitled to under his marriage settlement, will make up £5000. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his said daughter-in-law, during widowhood, and then for all his said late son's children, except Harry Scott.

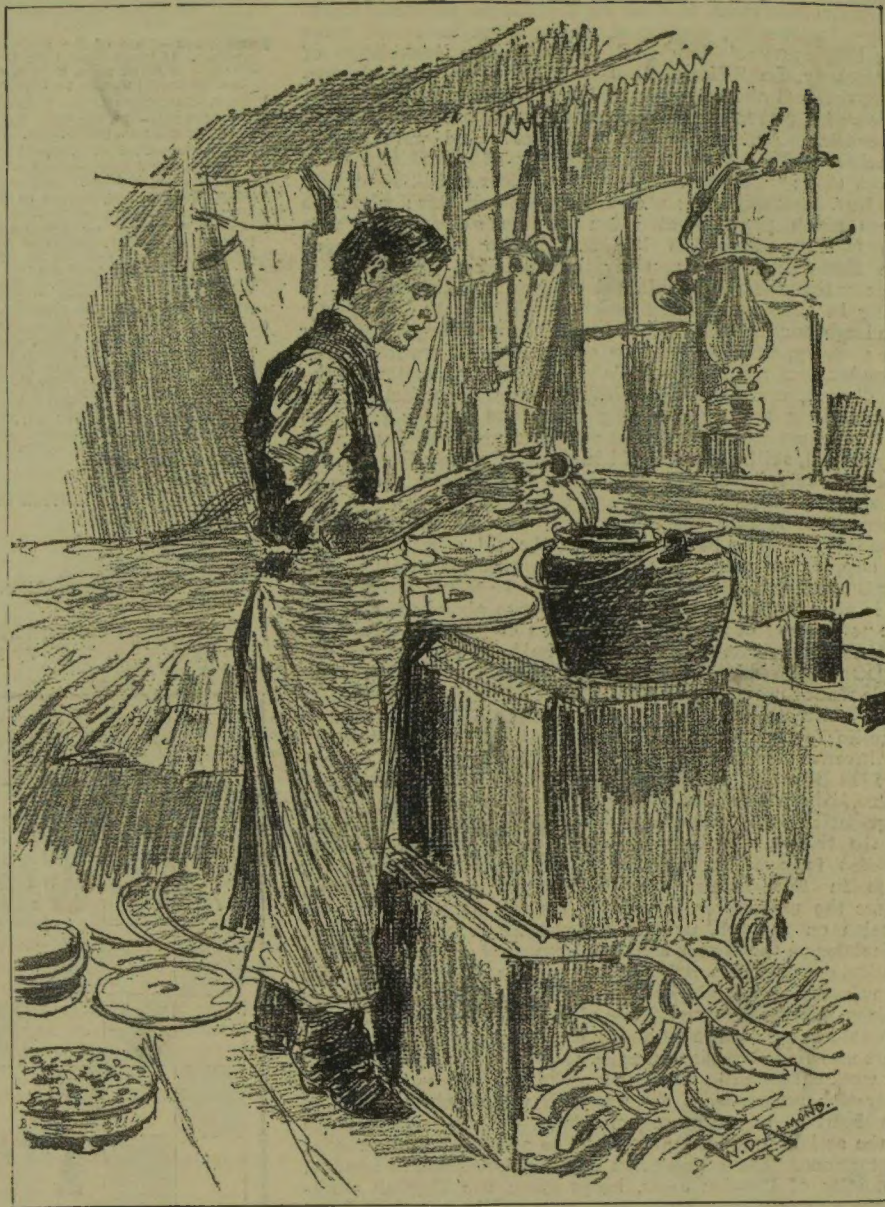
The will (dated Feb. 25, 1875), with two codicils (dated July 23, 1879, and Sept. 20, 1886), of the Rev. Charles Welfitt Blathwayt, formerly Vicar of Chelmarsh, Salop, and late of No. 6, Lansdowne-terrace, Eastbourne, who died on March 17 last, was proved on May 10 by Reginald Hardy, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, books, and household effects, and the money in the house and on current account at his banker's (subject to the payment thereof of his debts and funeral expenses) to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Blathwayt; £200 to be invested for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Chelmarsh; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; at her death he gives £10,000, upon trust, for his wife, daughter, Mrs. Ada Mary Hole, her husband, and children; £1500 to his son, Gerard Wynter; and the ultimate residue to his two sons, Charles Reginald and Gerard Wynter.

The will (dated June 15, 1887), with a codicil (dated Feb. 3, 1888), of General Henry Charles Van Cortlandt, C.B., late of No. 10, Onslow-crescent, South Kensington, and of Cowley Grove, Hillingdon, who died on March 15 last, was proved on May 5 by Annesley Charles Castriot De Renzy, C.B., and Mrs. Edith Susan Sara Thornton, the daughter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator, after bequeathing a few legacies, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to be divided equally between his six children and his daughter-in-law, Margaret, the widow of his deceased son, Philip Harry.

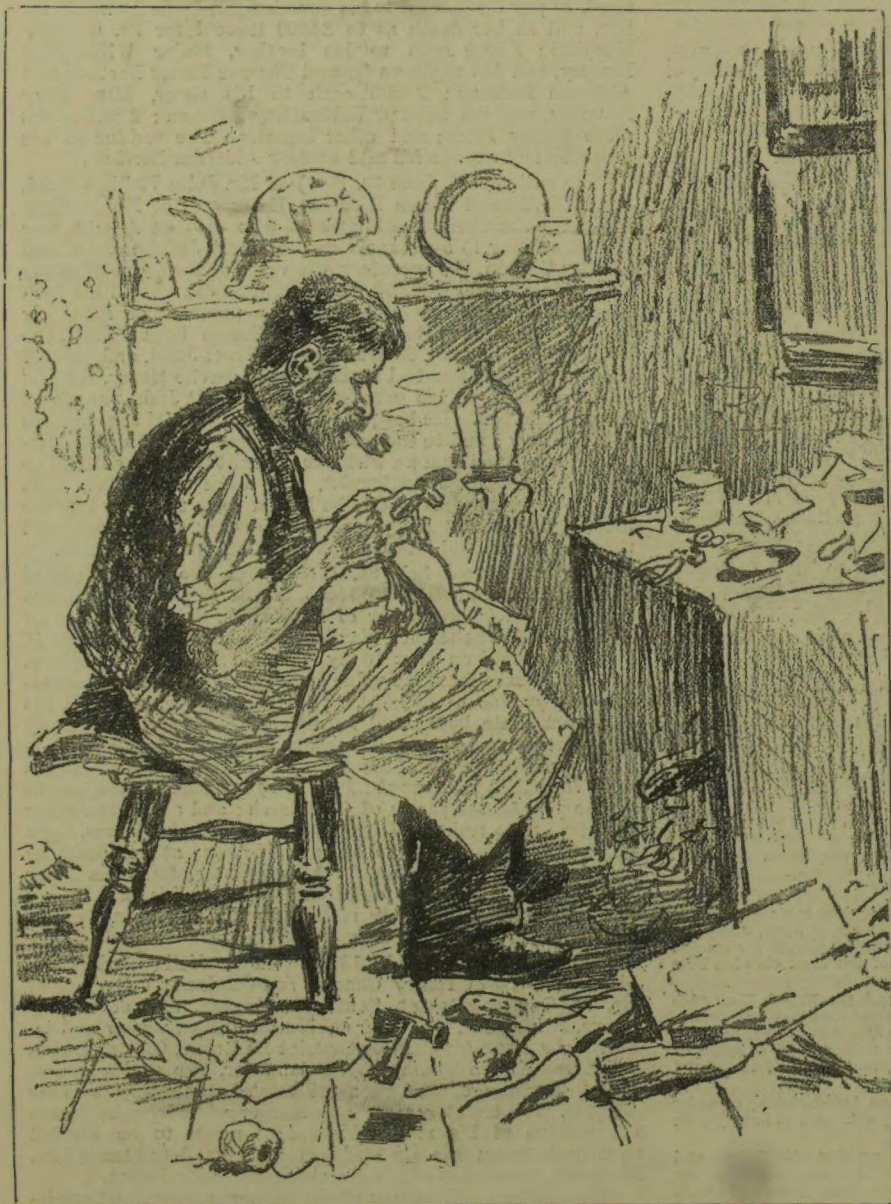
The Scotch Confirmation of the trust disposition and settlement and two holograph codicils (dated respectively Oct. 13, 1868; Aug. 12, 1872; and Feb. 27, 1879) of Sir William Johnston, Knight, J.P., D.L., formerly Lord Provost of Edinburgh, of Kirkhill, Gorebridge, Midlothian, who died on Feb. 7 last, granted to John Gulland, Abram Douglas, and William Jamieson, the surviving executors nominate, was sealed in London on May 15, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £7000.



One gross for twopence, and have to find their own flour for paste, and to deliver them.
Two people, at the end of two days, earn 1s. 2d.
MATCH-BOX MAKING.



A low stool with three short feet, veneered and polished, tops stuffed, and covered with chintz, for ninepence; materials cost 5d. Makes nine dozen a week; finds all materials.
FOOT-STOOL MAKING.



Has to make twelve pairs of shoes for 4s. 6d. Has the uppers supplied, cuts out the soles and fits the uppers to the soles, and delivers them.
SHOE-MAKING.



Puts the bristles into a hair-brush, which takes just an hour, and gets five farthings.
Has to deliver them.
BRUSH-DRAWING.



A CORNISH MILK-BOY,
DRAWN BY MRS. MARIANNE STOKES.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 22.

The political situation remains in a state of uncertainty, full of elements of trouble and change. So far as Boulangerism itself is concerned, there is a momentary lull; but, on the other hand, the reactionary groups of the Chamber, Bonapartists and Royalists, Catholics and Conservatives, have adopted, purely and simply, the programme of Boulangerism. At meetings held within the past few days these groups resolved unanimously that they would work by parliamentary and extra-parliamentary means to obtain the dissolution of the present Chamber and the revision of the Constitution. In the minutes of these meetings there is not a single word which separates the Monarchical, Conservative, and religious cause from the adventurous policy and subversive theories of Boulanger, who might well be called the General Pronunciamento. This action, so far as the Monarchists are concerned, is understood to be in accordance with the instructions of the Comte de Paris, and the legal means which will be employed by the Conservatives will consist in meetings, conferences, banquets, the object of which will be to establish a current of opinion in favour of a dissolution of the Chamber, and to inundate President Carnot with petitions from all parts of the country demanding the dissolution of the Chamber and fresh elections.

Meanwhile, it being extremely unlikely that the Chamber will vote its own dissolution before its term of office has expired, on Oct. 4, 1889, we shall doubtless have to watch the incidents and variations of the present struggle for the following twelve months at least. This being the case, it is interesting to note that M. Méline, President of the Chamber, is endeavouring to regulate the labours of the deputies, to devote certain days exclusively to the discussion of useful reforms, and to reserve one day only a week for interpellations and political debates. The free discussion of public affairs has evidently produced an irritating and irksome growth of time-wasting formulae, and parliamentarianism needs to be reformed in this sense. Evidently there are only two alternatives—Parliamentary Government and Dictatorship. Out of the present constitutional struggle in France one or the other will issue victorious.

The engineers of the Creusot establishment and M. Hersent, former president of the Society of Civil Engineers, have completed their project of a bridge across the Channel from Dover to Calais, 19 miles long, 164 ft. above the water, and resting on pillars placed at intervals of 1600 ft. The bridge would have four railway tracks, a carriage-road, and a foot-road, so that passengers might choose between a Pulman car, an omnibus, a four-in-hand, a velocipede, and Shanks's pony. The cost of this bridge would be eight hundred millions of francs; its metallic weight two million tons; and it would take six years to build it. The project will be shortly submitted to an international technical committee, and after this examination the Channel Bridge Company will demand a concession from the two Governments interested. The capital, it appears, is all ready, and no subvention is needed.

Every year Paris sees some great auction sale which leaves a souvenir in the annals of art and curiosity. The great sale of 1888 has been that of the Goldschmidt collection of fifty-three modern pictures, which produced last week a total of 797,570f. The highest bid was 175,000f., at which Troyon's "Valley of the Touque" was knocked down to M. Bischoffsheim. This is the highest bid ever made in France for a modern picture. Meissonier's "1814" was knocked down in 1886 for 128,000f., and Millet's "Angelus" in 1881 for 160,000f. At the Goldschmidt sale, two other pictures by Troyon, "La Barrière" and "L'Abreuvoir," were sold, respectively, for 101,000f. and 35,000f. At this same sale the State bought for the Louvre a picture of dogs by Decamps for 16,000f. For a view of Venice by Ziem was paid 26,200f.; a small landscape by Rousseau, 10 in. by 7½ in., 25,000f.; "The Doctor," by Meissonier, 17,000f.; Delacroix's "Enlèvement de Rebecca," 35,000f.

At Chantilly on Sunday the Prix de Diane (the French "Oaks") was won by M. J. Joubert's Solange, Count De Bertoux's Widgeon being second, and Baron De Soubeyran's Io, third.

This morning Lord and Lady Lytton gave a luncheon in honour of the Lord Mayor of London, which M. and Madame Floquet attended.

Charles Monselet, journalist, poet, critic, and novelist, died last week, at the age of sixty-three.

Various parts of the buildings, fountains, and other monuments of the Palace of Versailles are falling into ruins. Some three millions of francs are needed for the expenses of restoration; and in order that the Government may advance the money without overloading the Budget, it is probable that an admission fee will be exacted in future from the visitors to the palace and the two Trianons.

Amongst the serious books of the week are the "Souvenirs of the late Désiré Nisard" (1 vol. Calmann Lévy). This autobiography is not rich in scandal, or even in anecdote; it is the simple and unpretentious narrative of a dignified life, together with impressions and judgments on men and things that are instructive by their very sincerity.—M. Bontoux is about to publish a history of the Union Générale, of which he was formerly President, and an account of the famous financial crash of 1882, the results of which are still felt in French commerce.—To be read by students of history, Joseph d'Arçay's "Notes inédites sur M. Thiers," which show how great is the disproportion between the real merits of M. Thiers and the prestige which he enjoyed during his lifetime. T. C.

On May 20 the Queen Regent of Spain opened the International Exhibition at Barcelona, in presence of a numerous and distinguished company, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Genoa, Prince George of Wales, the Diplomatic Body, and the officers of the various naval squadrons.

The British section of the Brussels Exhibition was opened on May 19, and Lord Vivian presided afterwards at a luncheon given to the principal guests.

The Emperor Frederick continues to improve in health. On May 19 he took his first drive into the country since his late relapse. He received an enthusiastic welcome from his people. The following bulletin was issued on the morning of May 22:—"The Emperor has made gratifying progress during the last few days. The cough and expectoration are moderate, and there is no fever. The Emperor spends much time in the open air and takes drives daily." In the afternoon again the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress and followed by one of his aides-de-camp and his chief English doctor, took another drive in the Thiergarten, this time, however, in a closed carriage, as the weather was a great deal cooler, though that did not prevent him from being everywhere recognised and greeted with the usual cheers and offerings of flowers.—The Prince of Wales arrived at Berlin on Tuesday evening to be present at the marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene of Hesse, both grandchildren of the Queen.

The Copenhagen Exhibition was opened by the King on May 18, the ceremony being favoured with brilliant summer weather. The Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess, and

Prince Waldemar accompanied his Majesty. Great Britain was represented by Mr. Bax-Irsonides, Secretary of Embassy, and the English Consul.

The President visited Philadelphia on May 23 to attend the centenary celebration of the first American Presbyterian General Assembly.—The House, by 233 to 13, passed the Bill creating a Department of Agriculture, whose Secretary is to be a Cabinet Minister.—Terrible floods have occurred along the Mississippi. Owing to the embankments giving way from the force of the water, which is higher than has been known since 1851, thousands of acres of winter wheat, that promised an abundant crop, are laid waste. In some cases the people had to fly for their lives and seek refuge on the bluffs or in boats. Many people are destitute, having neither sufficient clothing nor shelter. Steps have been taken to afford them relief.

A farewell address of the Dominion of Canada Senate and House of Commons to Lord Lansdowne was read in the Upper House on May 17. It contained assurance of unalterable devotion to the Throne and to the Empire. Lord Lansdowne will leave Canada on May 23 amid hearty expressions of esteem and regret from the people of the Dominion. He has been favoured by circumstances in his term of office. By the completion, during it, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Canada has gained an importance in the world, as well as in the British Empire, which reflects lustre on the period and the Administration.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales in London, and Lady Samuel, were entertained at a picnic on May 19 in the National Park, Sydney, previous to their departure for England. The Ministers, the President of the Legislative Council, the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, the Judges, and all the leading citizens were among the guests.

A telegram from Wellington, New Zealand, announces that the Bill authorising a loan of £2,000,000 has been passed. The loan will be offered for subscription in London in June.

NEW BOOKS ON ITALY.

Italian Sketches. By Janet Ross; illustrated by Carlo Orsi (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—Visitors to the Italian Exhibition this year will be disposed to read with interest any well-written fresh descriptions either of rural or urban life in that attractive country. This volume, consisting mainly of sketches of the manners and habits of the Tuscan peasantry, among whom the authoress has lived more than eighteen years, is both pleasant and instructive. It gives some information, which we believe to be correct, with regard to the agricultural industry of that province, the effects of the "mezzeria" or metayer system, and the peculiar social and domestic institutions which have long grown up, but which are gradually being changed. Farmers paying a fixed money rent are seldom to be met either in Tuscany or in the Romagna; and the small proprietors are declining under the pressure of increased taxes. The general rule is that the wealthy landlord, possessing all the capital required as well as the soil, finds the stock, cattle and horses, the seed, plants, manure, and implements, keeps the buildings in repair, and pays the rates and taxes; while the peasant occupier and his family supply only the labour. The produce of the farm is divided equally between them in kind; the landlord's agent taking one half the crop or saleable stock to market. It is said, and may be very true, that this system is not favourable to agricultural economy; but social harmony, and goodwill between landlord and tenant, are far better consulted by its practice than by the opposite system in Ireland. A tenant who is much in debt to his "padrone," if he be idle and dishonest, can be evicted at six months' notice; yet such instances are rare, and many families remain for several generations on the same holding. Each family group is ruled by its "capoccio" or head man, who manages their dealings with the landlord, controls their personal expenses, and directs their labours; and without whose consent no member of the family can marry. His wife, or some other trustworthy elderly woman, is the "massaia," governing all the female members of the family in their household business, their care of the children, and such work as keeping poultry or silkworms, or plaiting straw. All their domestic affairs being strictly regulated by custom, under such patriarchal guardianship, the Tuscan "contadini" enjoy a quiet and peaceful life. A typical example of their little communities is mentioned as that of twenty-seven persons, forming three distinct households, branches of the same family, tracing their common kindred back more than a century, all obeying the "capoccio," who is a comparatively young man. The peasant girls, having the prospect of a small dowry and a husband to be found for them, are unwilling to go out into domestic service; those women who do are usually poor childless widows, or maidens who have been refused permission to marry as they wished. The culture of the olive and the vine, the making of oil, the vintage, and the manufacture of wine, are described with sufficient precision; and classical scholars will be pleased with the frequent references to Virgil's "Georgics," showing that many aspects and methods of Italian rustic industry continue much the same as in the Augustan age. The breed of horses, indeed, has sadly degenerated; but the noble white oxen of the Val di Chiana are as beautiful as ever; sheep are not regarded with favour, and the destructive goats are a nuisance. The authoress, in other essays, presents specimens of the popular songs and ballads of Tuscany, notices of the early history of Florence and of the old towns and castles of the Val d'Arno, a special description of San Gimignano delle Belle Torri, on the hills between Florence and Siena, and several pieces of topography, local antiquities, and native romance. Two papers are devoted to the southern extremity of Italy, describing Tarentum and Leucaspe, in Magna Græcia, where Sir James Lacaita is a resident landowner, and the sites of the ancient Greek colonies on the western shore of the Ionian Sea.

Tuscan Studies and Sketches. By Leader Scott (T. Fisher Unwin).—The real name of the author of "A Nook in the Apennines," "The Renaissance of Art in Italy," and "Messer Agnolo's Household," being no longer a secret, we have to thank Mrs. Baxter, the accomplished daughter of the Rev. W. Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, also for this volume of "Leader Scott's." Its contents are very acceptable; and, if our notice has been too long delayed, the recent opening of the Italian Exhibition is a good opportunity for us now to commend such matter to immediate perusal. The "Studies," which occupy half the volume, are those of Florentine art-history and civic, domestic, and literary history, especially of bibliography, gathered by researches in the Magliabechian Library, the archives of which yield much curious and interesting lore. There is, indeed, no recondite information in the account of Michelangelo's "David," Baccio Bandinelli's "Hercules," and Ammanati's "Neptune," the three gigantic statues placed in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. But the particulars here given concerning the manufacture of Florentine mosaics and tapestry, organ-building in Italy and Germany, the collections of Greek and Latin codices in the Laurentian Library, the interior decoration and furniture of palaces, and the fresco of

Monte Oliveto, have much interest as part of the history of the arts and of learning since the Renaissance. The second series of these papers, resembling those of another lady writer just noticed, consists of "Sketches" of different places and scenes in Tuscany; the vintage at the villa of the Countess Benveduti, in Val d'Arno; the festival of All Souls at the cemetery of San Miniato; the sea-bathing season at Viareggio; the "Giostra" at Riobuio, in the Apennines, a quaint open-air theatrical performance of the story of Ninus and Semiramis; the practice of mushroom-gathering and its trade at the mountain village of Piteglio; a visit to the old Etruscan city of Volterra, and to the neighbouring borax acid lagoons of Larderello; the Castle of Belcaro, near Siena; and San Gimignano, with which we have already been made acquainted. Mrs. Baxter treats all these and similar topics in an agreeable manner; and her sketch of the Florentine Ghetto and the Mercato Vecchio preserves to remembrance those characteristic old-fashioned features of the city which we first beheld above thirty years ago, and which are now to be demolished. Old Florence, and Old Rome, with their mediæval aspects, will soon be things of the past, like Old Paris and the remnants of Old London. Dante would hardly know his way about the streets, if he were recalled from exile, or from his Paradiso, to revisit his native city; and Romola would find strange alterations; while the modern townsfolk would no longer respond to Pucci—

Mercato Vecchio al mondo è alimento,
E ad ogni altra piazza il pregio serra.

The Life of Benvenuto Cellini: Newly Translated into English by John Addington Symonds. Second Edition. Two vols. (J. C. Nimmo).—The entertaining autobiography of the celebrated Florentine goldsmith and sculptor, with his personal adventures in Rome, at the time of the storming of the Papal city by the German army, his imprisonment and escape from the Castle of St. Angelo, and his dealings with Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., the Emperor Charles V., and King Francis I. of France, belongs to European history of the sixteenth century. No book, as Mr. Symonds truly observes, is more vividly illustrative of the social life, the morals and manners, of the Renaissance period in Italy; and the learned English historian of that period, by translating these Memoirs of Cellini, furnished an instructive supplement, or *pièce justificative*, to the result of his own extensive researches. The new edition of Mr. Symonds' excellent version will be the more welcome just now to English readers, as we are called upon to inspect and appreciate collections of specimens of Italian art, in one department at least of which Benvenuto Cellini was unsurpassed, and that one practised at Florence in the highest perfection. He was, indeed, a man of extraordinary talent, energy, and courage, though a vainglorious boaster, a licentious profligate, and apt to revenge his private wrongs by deeds of ruffianly violence too common among Italians and Frenchmen of that age. The narrative of his journey to Paris, and of his reception at the King's Court there and at Fontainebleau; his quarrels with rival artists at Florence, for the favour of the Grand Duke Cosmo I.; and his technical difficulties in casting the colossal bronze group of Perseus beheading Medusa, have much interest in connection with art-history. It may be as well, however, to warn the reader that some passages of this autobiography are defaced by extreme coarseness, and relate incidents of the most offensive kind that can be imagined.

A CORNISH MILK-BOY.

The young rustic figure which Mrs. Stokes has forcibly delineated in this drawing is a native of the extreme south-western peninsula of our country, where a branch of the Celtic race, still remaining a distinct element of the population, exhibits characteristic features very different from those of the English peasantry in general. His costume, as well as his face, would seem more like that of a Kerry or Connemara boy than such as we are accustomed to meet in the Home Counties, or in the Midlands; and the bare feet, the hereditary pair of trousers, evidently worn in past years by his grown-up father, and much too big for this lad, with the rough frieze jacket and no shirt or necktie, would excite surprise and ridicule, or else commiseration, in most villages of the agricultural shires of England. Cornish boys, however, being usually intelligent and industrious, have a way of rising in life; and, though not so well able as formerly to better their condition through the mining industry, they readily emigrate and win their livelihood in distant parts of the world. This youth, as we see, is at present employed in the simple occupation of attending the milkers of cows in the field, and is carrying two of the metal pails for their service. He has stopped at a distance to bawl out some inquiry for directions, and the distorting effects of shrill vociferation are extremely visible in his countenance, along with some feelings of impatience and perplexity, which render his figure the more amusing to a quiet spectator of the scene.

Work was resumed on May 21 at Mount Morgan Gold Mines, Dolgelly, the Government having withdrawn their objection to the further removal of gold.

On May 21, the Earl of Dartmouth opened a park which he has presented to the public of Morley, Yorkshire. The occasion was one of general rejoicing, and the town was beautifully decorated.

Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice," will be recited this evening, May 26, at Steinway Hall, by Mr. Brandram, being the last of a most interesting series given by this popular reciter.

The establishment of Messrs. Elkington and Co. in Regent-street, where there were on view about twenty-three Silver Wedding gifts, manufactured by this eminent firm for presentation to the Prince and Princess of Wales, was recently visited by many distinguished persons interested in the movement.

The London Battalion of the Boys' Volunteer Brigade, numbering about 360, in twelve companies, had their first annual inspection on Monday, in some fields placed at their disposal by Mr. Dunlop, of Church Farm, Hendon. The battalion was under the command of Major J. Alexander, late London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, and the inspecting officer was General Sir Donald M. Stewart, Bart., G.C.B.

The Annual Congress of Co-operative Societies was opened on May 21 at Dewsbury, five hundred delegates being present, under the presidency of Mr. E. Vansittart Neale. In his opening address he directed his remarks chiefly to the benefits which co-operation has yet to realise through the application of equity to production. Papers on subjects allied to co-operation were subsequently read and discussed.

Scotland and some parts of the north of England were visited by a severe thunderstorm, accompanied with lightning and heavy rain, on May 19. In the neighbourhood of Glasgow three persons were killed by the lightning, and another death occurred near Dumfries. A lunatic asylum near Cupar-Fife was set on fire, and much damage ensued, but all the inmates were removed in safety. Remarkable escapes are recorded.

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THE PRESIDENT OF THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

We present the Portrait of Colonel Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., of Blythswood, President of the Glasgow Exhibition. He was born in 1835, the eldest son of Archibald Douglas, Esq., of Mains, Dumbartonshire, who assumed the name and arms of Campbell of Blythswood, as heir of entail in 1837. The present Sir Archibald Campbell served with the Scots Guards in the Crimea, was wounded there, and received a medal and clasp with the Turkish medal. He attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and the command of the Scots Guards. He was created a Baronet in 1880, and was elected M.P. for West Renfrewshire in 1885. Sir Archibald is Grand Master Mason of Scotland. He married, in 1863, the Hon. Augusta Carington, daughter of the late Lord Carington.

THE SCOTTISH GATHERING.

On Whit Monday, the Scottish athletic gathering, held annually in aid of the Caledonian Asylum and the Scottish Corporation, took place at the Stamford-bridge Grounds. Princess Louise was to distribute the prizes. Many ladies and gentlemen came to meet her Royal Highness; the Duchess of Athole, the Earl and Countess of Kintore, Lady Dalrymple, Sir Duncan Campbell of Barcaldine, Sir Charles McGrigor, Lady and the Misses Murray, Lady Vaux, General and Mrs. Mackenzie, the Chisholm of Chisholm, Captain Menzies, Mr. M'D. Cameron, M.P., Colonel Lumsden, Major Nicol, and Captain and Mrs. Douglas. The sports commenced with pipe music, marches and strathspeys and reels, followed by the Highland fling and the sword dance, throwing the hammer, putting the stone, wrestling, jumping, tug-of-war, tossing the caber, running, bicycling, and a steeplechase with a water jump. The boy pipers of the Caledonian Asylum under Mr. Inglish, the secretary, seemed to be greatly appreciated. The band of the King's Own Scottish Borderers played selections at intervals. There was some very good throwing of the hammer and the stone (each of 16lb.), the former being thrown 102 ft. and the latter 34½ ft., while the long jump extended to 20 ft. 5 in., and the high jump to 5 ft. 3 in. The tug-of-war, in which selected men from the London Scottish Volunteers took part, was decided in favour of the F Company against the I Company; the extra event, in which Highlanders competed with Lowlanders, terminated in favour of the former by two pulls to none. The running and bicycling contests were also very good, much amusement being caused in the one-mile steeplechase by every one of the competitors jumping into the water. Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, proceeded to distribute the prizes.

Mr. William Stebbing has been elected to a seat on the Council of the King's College.

The Queen has granted to the two surviving unmarried sisters of the late Mr. Doyne C. Bell, F.S.A., Secretary to the Privy Purse, conjointly, a pension of £100 a year, in recognition of the valuable services rendered by their brother to her Majesty.

The seventy-sixth anniversary dinner of the Yorkshire Society's Schools was held on May 16 at the Holborn Restaurant. Sir Albert K. Rolit, M.P., occupied the chair. A number of the boys belonging to the schools were present and performed selections of vocal music during the evening, and the appearance which they presented was highly creditable to the institution which has charge of their training.



SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, BART., OF BLYTHSWOOD, M.P.,
PRESIDENT OF THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.



THE NEW BUILDINGS AT ALBERT-GATE AS THEY ARE TO BE.

THE NEW BUILDINGS AT ALBERT-GATE.

Some conversation has recently taken place in the House of Commons with regard to the stately pile of new buildings now under construction at Albert-gate, Hyde Park; and very exaggerated ideas seem to have been entertained concerning their effect in dwarfing the adjacent edifices and overshadowing the road and the ride in the park. Our Illustration of the proposed front, from the design of the architects, Messrs. Archer and Green, of Buckingham-street, Strand, shows that these buildings, constructed of fine red brickwork and stone, will be highly ornamental to that great public thoroughfare; and their style is worthy of the architects of the magnificent range of Whitehall Court, on the Victoria Thames Embankment, adjoining the National Liberal Club. The frontage extends about 150 ft., and the exact height above the road is 105 ft., but it does not exceed 100 ft. on the side towards the park, which is at a higher level. It will, in fact, rise only about 25 ft. higher than the well-known mansion of the French Embassy. The fears of those who have compared the future appearance of these buildings to the towering aspect of Queen Anne's Mansions, near St. James's Park, in Westminster, may therefore be appeased. The builders, Messrs. J. W. Hobbs and Co., who are a company formed by the popular Mayor of Croydon for the erection of these buildings on a site held under Lord Rosebery, have promptly consented to sacrifice two storeys of the pile originally contemplated; and have, by so doing, not only consulted the wishes of Government, expressed through the First Commissioner of Works, but have also adopted a final design, the proportions of which, in height and breadth, as well as the details of its composition, will be generally admired. They have acted, likewise, with much liberality in giving up a portion of land, worth £4000, to widen the public road, and in other arrangements of the site. The buildings will throw a shadow about 30 ft. wide across the ride in the park, which will scarcely be disagreeable; while on the other side the road is 110 ft. wide opposite their front. The ground floor is devoted to the apartments of a club, which will enjoy accommodation not surpassed by any club in London. The

upper floors will be divided into a number of sets of chambers for the residence of bachelor gentlemen, combining economy with the utmost comfort and privacy; there will be no business offices. Although some delay has been caused by the manner in which the Metropolitan Board of Works has dealt with the builders, it is now expected that the whole will be finished in about a twelvemonth; and it will probably be considered, after all, to have added to the architectural dignity of the West-End of London.

The Duke of Cambridge on May 18 inspected the Lancashire Hussars at Southport, visited the Altcar Rifles, and inspected two battalions of Militia and other troops.

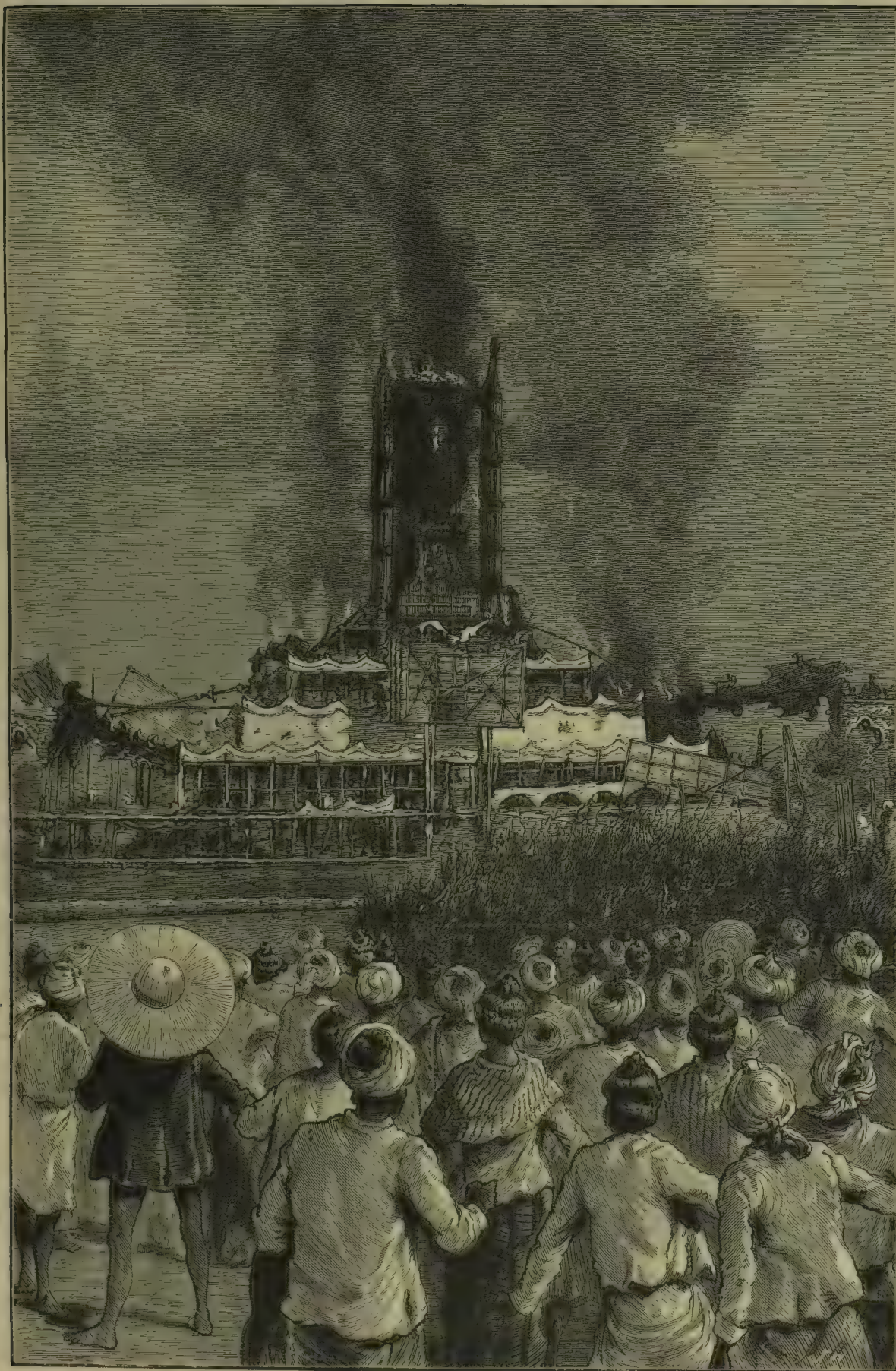
The Duchess of Albany has consented to distribute the prizes at the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools, Russell-hill, Purley, Surrey (Caterham Junction station), on Saturday, July 7.

The sixty-first anniversary dinner in aid of the funds of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum took place on May 17 at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Edmund Smith Hanbury, of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., in the chair. There was a large attendance. The secretary announced that he had received subscriptions and donations amounting to about £5500; Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co. contributing £500 in addition to the firm's annual subscription of sixty guineas; the total amount subscribed by the president, his firm, and their friends being £2011.

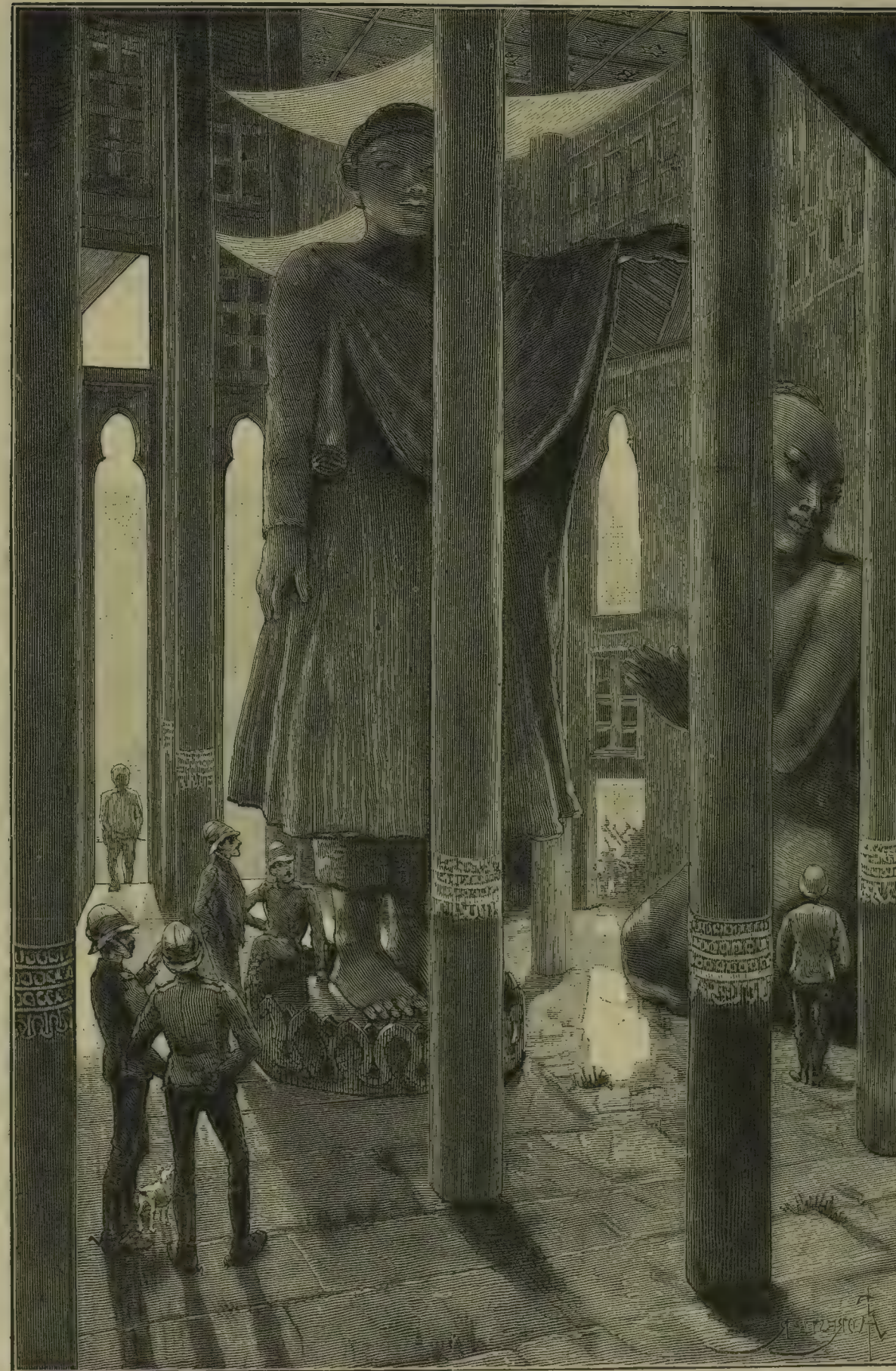


1. Putting the Stone. 2. Throwing the Hammer.

THE SCOTTISH GATHERING ON WHIT MONDAY.



FUNERAL PYRE OF A PHOONGYE OR BUDDHIST PRIEST IN BURMAH.



COLOSSAL FIGURE OF BUDDHA ON MANDALAY HILL.

A PHOONGYE'S FUNERAL PYRE.

When a phoongye or Buddhist priest in Burmah dies, great preparations are made for his funeral, especially if he has been a distinguished member of the fraternity. This ceremony is called a Phoongye-byan, or "The Return of the Great Glory." The funeral pile having been built in an open space outside the town, and a fortunate day selected, the coffin containing the deceased phoongye is brought from the monastery, and is hoisted up to its lofty platform, beneath which is laid a quantity of combustible material. Then nothing remains but to set light to the pyre. This is supposed to be done by rockets fired from a distance of forty or fifty yards, and guided by ropes fastened to the pyre. These rockets, however, generally fail to do their work properly, and ordinary means of lighting have to be resorted to. In a few minutes the flames are leaping high above the topmost pinnacle; as it falls the joints of bamboo explode with a noise like a pistol-shot; the assembled multitudes cheer and yell; and finally everything is consumed. When the last smouldering embers have cooled, the monastic brethren search for and gather up any pieces of bone that may remain. These are buried near the pagoda, or, in the case of a particularly saintly man, they are pounded and mixed into a paste, which is moulded into an image of Buddha and is stored in the monastery. A group of meditative phoongyes may be seen sitting in state in a little bamboo hut, which has been erected near the pyre of their departed brother. They receive offerings and preach to

the people. Our Illustration is from a Sketch by Captain Percy Armitage, 2nd Battalion South Wales Borderers (late 24th Regiment), at Yungoo. The reader will find in "Shway Yo's" excellent book "The Burman; his Life and Notions," many facts connected with the phoongye priesthood.

A ball in aid of the London Hungarian Association of Benevolence will be held at Prince's Hall, on June 20, under the immediate patronage of the Duke of Teck.

The Annual Movable Committee of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows began its week's deliberations on May 21 in the Shire Hall, Gloucester. After the Grand Master's address, the directors and the auditors severally presented their reports, the speech and the documents alike testifying to the progress of the Unity during the past year.

As a memorial to the late Dean of Bangor, Mrs. Symes is erecting at Bangor a church and parsonage, and also endowing the living. The value of the gift will be about £20,000. The same lady has placed a window in the cathedral as a memorial to the late Dean Edwards, and has presented a reredos in memory of her brother, the late Colonel Holt.

DEATH.

At Netherhayes, Seaton, on May 18, Edward, eldest son of the late Edward Frith, of West Hill, Putney.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

STATUE OF BUDDHA AT MANDALAY.

The hill that rises behind the city of Mandalay is covered with sacred groves, monasteries, pagodas, and temples of Buddha, occupied by at least ten thousand servants of religion, most of them living in convents, but not without plenty of wives and children. Some of the temples are very large and of stately architecture, constructed either of solid masonry or of teak timber, elaborately carved and gilded. The one called "The Incomparable," which is unfinished, standing on the summit of a series of square terraces, is entered by gilt doors, and contains two lofty halls, having pillars all round coated with gold leaf, which glitter in the light of many chandeliers of stained glass, apparently of European manufacture. The seated image of Gautama Buddha in this temple is 30 ft. high, and is gilt all over; a large diamond was formerly stuck in the forehead between the eyebrows, but this gem has been stolen. There are many other images of the same divine personage at Mandalay, and hundreds of shrines contain sacred figures, or tablets inscribed with the records and precepts of the Buddhist faith. The phoongyes, who shave their heads and wear yellow robes, possess great collective wealth in the landed estates belonging to their various corporations.

There was a large gathering at the People's Palace, Mile-end-road, on May 19, when the Workmen's Exhibition which has been organised at this Palace was opened by the Duke of Westminster, who was accompanied by the Duchess.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

At all circulating libraries in town and country.
A WOMAN'S FACE. By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "The House on the Marsh," &c. [Just ready.] 3 vols.

MISER FAREBROTHER. By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "Great Porter-square," &c. 3 vols.

FOR FREEDOM: A Romance. By TIGHE HOFFKINS, 2 vols.

MIRACLE GOLD. By RICHARD DOWLING, 3 vols.

"Three volumes of startling episodes."—Daily Telegraph.
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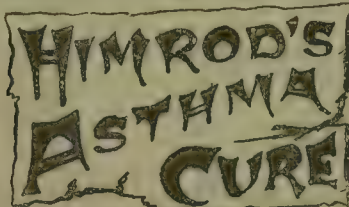
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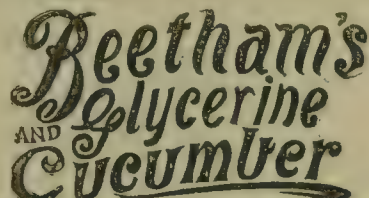
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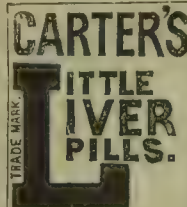
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LONDON: Printed and Published at the Office, 108, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Jones, in the County of Middlesex, by INSURANCE BROTHERS, 193, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Where lies the land to which you Ship must go?
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
As vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
Of the old sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!"



Half-past two, on this perfectly calm morning, there were a few stars still visible in the western skies—faint-

trembling points of silver in the deep-hued violet vault; but away in the east there was a pale, mysterious light that seemed to tell of the coming dawn; while just over a serrated ridge of jet-black trees hung the thin sickle of the moon, orange-hued, and sending down on the smooth surface of the water a long line of gold, broken here or there by some accidental ripple. The birds were already singing in this strange twilight; and their shrill carolling seemed to belong to some other and distant sphere; for the great world around us lay dark and dumb and dead. When Murdoch came out, he spoke in undertones (it had been arranged we were to try to get the boat along to the basin without awakening any of the people on board) and when Columbus came down to the water-side, he looked like a ghost approaching through the transparent, bewildering, phantasmal gloom.

Then in the prevailing silence we stealthily released the Nameless Barge from her moorings; and with brief paddlings of oars and poles got her over to the other side, where the tow-path was. There Murdoch and Columbus went ashore, taking with them the end of the line attached to the bow; and forthwith we were noiselessly gliding along through the smooth waters of the canal, towards the great gates that were to let us forth into the Severn.

Presently, the door opposite the steersman is opened with an exceeding quietness; the figure of a tall young lady appears, clad in a long dressing-gown, and with some soft white thing flung around her head and neck and shoulders; then, as carefully and gently the door is shut again.

"I haven't wakened anyone," she says, in an apologetic whisper.

"You'd much better go back to bed; you can't have had more than three hours' sleep."

"I haven't had any," she says. "I was too excited. I was lying awake, watching the stars; and then I thought I felt the boat moving; and I guessed you had begun. I'm not in your way, am I?"

"Certainly not; but it will be a tedious business getting through the locks."

"Oh! but it is ever so much nicer to be out here. And what a strangely beautiful morning it is!" she says, looking all around her.

Indeed she is almost justified in calling it morning now; for those trees close by are no longer quite black—some shadowy suggestion of green is visible on the long shelving branches; the stars in the west have disappeared, and the skies there have grown from a deep violet to a pale, ethereal lilac; while in the eastern heavens the faint, wan glow has become radiant and clear: the herald of the new day, on some far hill-top, is blowing his silver bugle to awaken the sleeping valleys. She regards all this, for some time, in silence. Then one hears her repeat—almost to herself—the beginning of the old ballad—

"Down Dee-side came Inverey, whistling and playing:
He knocked loud at Brackla-gate ere the day's dawning"

though what fancy she has in her mind it is hard to say. She turns from her musings—

"Have you many mornings like this in those wonderful places in the north?" she asks rather wistfully.

"You will find still stranger things—seasons in which there is no night at all. You can sit on deck and read till midnight, if you like; only it is much nicer not to read; but to have some amiable young creature play and sing ballads for you; or you can walk up and down and listen to the sea-birds. No night at all; the sunset merely glides into the sunrise; and you have a new day around you before you know where you are."

"But," she says, "when you have been in such beautiful places, don't you feel it to be just dreadful to come back and live in a town?"

"Not at all. It is the contrast that tells. Perhaps, if you lived there always, you might become too familiar with it; you might lose the fine touch of things that wonder gives you. The first wild primrose you come upon in the spring has an extraordinary fascination and interest; but if there were spring and summer all the year round—none of the deadness of winter—where would be the surprise and delight?"

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"Well," she says, after a little while—and her eyes are fixed on that light in the east, that is momentarily becoming more clear and silvery and wonderful, "there are things that could never grow familiar. Daybreak is one. There is always mystery about it. It is like coming to life again, after death. You have been away, you don't know where; and you come back to the world; and when you find it as it is now—belonging almost to yourself, all the other people as good as out of it—it is very strange. No; I'm not afraid of becoming too familiar with beautiful things. Besides, the halcyon times you talk about don't last for ever. You have the stormy weather coming on; rain and gales; then you are shut up a prisoner in the house; and when you can go out again—when the sunlight and splendid weather come again—you have all the delight of novelty and surprise, just as much as if you had gone to live in some grimy old town."

She seemed inclined to continue talking, in this hushed way, about those northern scenes that had aroused her curiosity; but we were now arrived at the lock-gates, and business had to be attended to. All that one could hear of Miss Peggy was an occasional snatch of the ballad that seemed to be running through her head—

"There rode wi' fierce Inverey thirty and three;
And none wi' the Gordon save his brother and he;
Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw,
But against three and thirty, wae's me, what were twa!"

At length we got down into the great basin, where all manner of craft were lying ready to sail with the turn of the tide; and there modestly took up our position by the side of some of the smaller vessels. There was as yet no symptom of life anywhere; but the objects round about us were now clearly defined; and colours had become visible—the red of the steep, high bank, the warm yellow-green of the hanging foliage, and the resplendent saffron of the eastern skies, against which the tall interposing masts were of intense black.

Suddenly there was a harsh croak overhead, and a whirr as if a hundred sky-rockets had simultaneously hurtled through the air.

"What's that?" Miss Peggy exclaimed—startled out of the low tones in which she had been talking.

"Look, Mem, look!" said Murdoch, who was standing on the quay. "It's a string of wild geese—look!" And away the great birds went swinging over to the western seas.

But towards four o'clock it began to be apparent that there was some human life on board these various craft. Here and there a thin blue line of smoke would rise from the stove-pipe into the motionless air; here and there an ancient mariner would appear on deck, rubbing his eyes, and looking all round the heavens for a sign. Soon, indeed, there was plenty of animation. Gradually the crews tumbled up and began to hoist sail—a picturesque occupation in this early morning glow; and presently the ringing music of the topsail halyards told us they were looking forward to a quiet slipping down the stream. Bustle and activity prevailed everywhere; men on deck calling to men on shore; hawsers being passed over our heads, on the smaller craft long sweeps being got ready. In the midst of this general uproar it is hardly to be wondered at that the rest of the people on board the Nameless Barge should speedily make their appearance.

"Here's a pretty hullabaloo!" says Queen Tita, looking all around her at the picturesque clusters of boats, with their tall spars and ruddy sails. "Well, we are going to have sufficient company. If anything goes wrong, there will be plenty of people ready to pick us up."

"Don't be too sure of that," one says to her. "When once we get started, you'll soon find out how a smart-sailing pilot-boat will draw away from these lumbering craft. That is, if we get any wind at all. At present there isn't a breath. Now, will anyone explain how we are to be towed down to Bristol in a dead calm?"

"And you—you American girl," she says, turning to Miss Peggy, "what have you been about? When did you steal out of that cabin?"

"About half-past two, I believe," answers Miss Rosslyn, with an air of calm superiority. "I have seen it all from the beginning."

"I don't know how it is," continues Mrs. Threepenny-bit, "but you two are always up first on board this boat. What is it? A wakeful conscience?"

"It is not," answers Miss Peggy, promptly. "It is simply the necessity of looking after this valuable craft. Of course, if you choose to lie in your berth till all hours of the day, you must have somebody to manage things for you. And there's no sloth about me. I am always willing to sacrifice myself for the general good."

"Yes; but I want to know what your share was?—what did you manage?" says the other.

"I kept my weather-eye open," Miss Peggy answers enigmatically.

"No doubt you did!—I'll be bound you did! And so this is what you call all hours of the day, is it, when it is hardly four o'clock. I know this, that I wish Murdoch could get us a cup of tea."

"You'll have to leave Murdoch alone," one says to her.



Over jet-black trees hung the thin sickle of the moon.

"There are all these vessels beginning to slip out; and Murdoch will be wanted at the bow, until we get attached to the pilot-boat. Indeed, he'd better stop there all the way down; so there will be little breakfast for you for some hours to come. Why don't you go inside and bring out some soda-water and biscuits?"

"Well," she says with much good-nature, "people who make long voyages into distant lands have to put up with many things. But soda-water and biscuits—it's a gruesome breakfast!"

"I'm going to hunt out some beer, if I may," said Jack Duncombe, forthwith.

"I think," said Colonel Cameron, "if you will let me advise, that an egg beaten up in a glass of sherry would be a good deal wholesomer for you ladies at this time of the morning—and if you are not going to have breakfast for some hours—"

But here Miss Peggy interposed.

"An egg—and sherry?" she said. "Why shouldn't we have egg-nog at once? Let's all have some egg-nog—and you may drink to the Fourth of July or not just as you please. And do you think I do not know how to make it? Oh, but I do. And I know that Murdoch has all the materials; and I know where he keeps them; so come along and get out the glasses."

Accordingly these greedy people crowded into Murdoch's pantry, where one could hear them hauling things about, with a great deal of unseemly jesting. At the same time, when the Transatlantic beverage was at length produced, one could not but confess that it was extremely grateful and comforting at this early hour of the morning; and the Daughter of the Republic received our general thanks. Not that she came back at this moment. Oh, no; nor for some time thereafter. When she did return to us, we could perceive that she had seized the occasion to get rid of her haphazard costume (which was all very well in the mysterious light preceding the dawn), and now wore her suit of blue serge. She had done up her hair, too; and was altogether looking very smart and fine and neat.

Meanwhile we had attached ourselves to the pilot-boat, and were now lying out in the open—in the midst of a dead calm—and with a scene of singular beauty all around us. Here was



This blessed boat is full of water!

no longer any river with twisting channels and bare sand-banks, but a vast lakelike expanse of yellow water, quite smooth save for the rippling of the tide; and that rippling declared itself in a series of sharp flashes of turquoise blue, the colour of the overhead sky. On this pale golden plain the various craft—already widely separated—lay with their grey or brown or russet sails idly swaying or entirely motionless; the various tints and hues warmed into loveliness by the light streaming over from the gates of the morn. For by this time the sun was actually risen; and his rays shot across the great Severn valley, glorifying all the wide plain of waters, and shining along the wood-crowned, low-lying, green hills in the west.

Of course we regarded with some little curiosity our friends in the boat to which we were attached; and found them to be far away indeed from the old-fashioned type of pilot. They were quite elegant young men, and smartly-dressed; in fact, if it hadn't been that they showed something of a seafaring complexion, and that one or two of them were plainly solacing themselves with the chewing of tobacco, they might have been taken for a party of city clerks setting forth for a day's pleasure-sailing. Though very little sailing there was for anybody. For a little while there was a light puff of wind coming over from the east—the merest cat's-paw, just sufficient to fill the sails; but presently that died away; we were in a dead calm again; and so they on board the pilot-boat took to the sweeps, and began to work at these. We crept along in a kind of way, but very slowly—opposite the green hills and farms of Lydney and its neighbourhood.

"And where is all the danger that was talked about?" said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, as bold as a very lion (perhaps the egg-nog had something to do with her fearlessness).

"Where, indeed!" said the steersman.

"Besides, we are in open day-light," she continued. "The darkness was the hateful thing about those tunnels. Now, if anything happens, we shall see what it is; and those young men could stop in a moment and help us. Why, this seems to be about the quietest and safest part of the whole trip!"

Oh, yes, it was all very pleasant—the sweet air of the morning, the smooth-lapping water, the sun shining along the ruddy banks and the green woods and fields, and our slow floating down with the tide. One was almost for withdrawing Murdoch from his post forward and sending him to get breakfast ready, but that now and again one's nostrils seemed to perceive some faint indication of a change of wind—or rather of a coming wind—while as yet there was nothing to stir the sails. And very shortly thereafter, indeed, the sails did stir—and quietly fell over and filled; then the sweeps were taken in; and presently we found ourselves being towed through these yellow waters in quite a joyous fashion. Even with this

lumbering weight behind her, the pilot-boat gradually drew away from all her rivals; the young men who looked like clerks had no trouble at all in not only keeping the lead but in raising it—beating against the ever-freshening south-westerly breeze with a shiftiness and judgment that were very pleasant to watch from this old tub of ours. Of course we had nothing to do but follow accurately in their wake, and avoid the temptation of making little short cuts when they put about; and as the wind was getting brisker and brisker—and blowing up against the current—it was quite a new and delightful experience to chase this flyer through the now rising sea.

And now Miss Peggy separates herself from these associates of hers in the stern-sheets—step on to the steering-thwart—catches hold of the iron rod by both hands—and places her chin on these as if she was bent merely on gazing away over the waste of waters we are leaving behind, and towards the distant shores.

"I say," she observes, in a remarkably low voice, "isn't this what Murdoch calls a 'sow' wind?"

"South-westerly, I should say."

She smiles a little (the others cannot see her face).

"That was the wind those men at the docks spoke of," she remarks.

"What then?"

"I was thinking of the five hundred pounds," she says demurely.

"Five hundred fiddlesticks! She is walking the water like a thing of life. Don't you feel how beautifully she goes?"

"Yes, but is she going to do it any more?" she asks.

"Do what?"

"Why, jump about like this."

"It isn't jumping about. I tell you it's the minuet in 'Aria Inc' she's doing."

"Is the water going to be any rougher?"

"If this wind keeps up it certainly will be."

"Oh, my gracious!" she says, in accents of dismay, and one understands at once what she is afraid of.

"Now listen to words of wisdom: if you want to induce sea-sickness, you're doing your best at present—standing up here in that spread-eagle fashion. But if you wish to guard against it—I mean, if the water should get really rough further down—you just ask Colonel Cameron or Mr. Duncombe to go into the saloon and get out a tin of cold tongue and some biscuits and a bottle of champagne. Begin with a bit of biscuit. Then take a sip of champagne. Then some cold tongue and biscuit. Then some more champagne. Keep on as long as you can at the cold tongue and champagne; and then go and get a footstool, and cuddle yourself up in that corner there, and sit perfectly still: do you understand?"

"But I should feel just horrid asking for those things for myself," she protests. "Will your wife join me, do you think?"

"Join you in eating some cold tongue and biscuit? My dear young friend, she would eat you, or the boat, or anybody, or anything, rather than run the risk of being sea-sick."

"Well, I'm not going to give in just yet, at any rate," she says; and she maintains her position on the steering-thwart; only she turns round now to face the pleasant breeze.

We were getting plenty of sailing for our money, but making little progress, owing to the perpetual tacking. Jack Duncombe and the Colonel were between them trying to make out by the chart the whereabouts of Sheperdine Sands and Norwood Rocks and Whinstone Rocks; but the high tide rendered this difficult, and we could only guess at the distance we had come. At all events we had left the other vessels a long way behind; we could see them still sawing and sawing across that yellow plain, in the teeth of the still freshening wind.

But when, in course of time, we got still further down, we could better make out our position. There, unmistakably, was the mouth of the Wye, with the long spit running out, and ending in a conspicuous watch-house. Clearly we were getting on. And so far the Nameless Barge had behaved herself admirably; and if our young friends in the pilot-boat may have been tempted to smile when they saw her bobbing up and down in their wake—like a fat old donkey being dragged along by a thoroughbred—they were polite enough to conceal their merriment. We never pretended that good looks were our strong point. What we wanted was to get down to Bristol; and we rather congratulated ourselves on having got so far in safety. If there yet lay ahead of us a certain channel or series of channels called "The Shoots," of which the Sharpness people had spoken in somewhat solemn tones—But who was afraid? Even Mrs. Threepenny-bit professed rather to like this sawing and sawing across; and nobody was so ill-natured as to draw attention to the fact that all the southern horizon was now grown dark, as if there was a stiffish bit of a storm brewing down there.

But what the Sharpness people had been warning us about

we were by-and-by to discover. "The Shoots," as they are called, are formed by the sudden contraction of the Severn estuary between Northwich and Portskewet (at New Passage, that is), and consist of a series of races and whirlpools not unlike those in the neighbourhood of Corrievreckan—over by the Corra Islands and the Dorus Mòr. When we found these currents strong enough to grip the pilot-boat by the bows and yaw her about, it is to be imagined that our poor old Noah's-ark—lumbering up in the rear—had anything but a "daisy time" of it. Moreover, the water became more and more lumpy—what with the swirling currents themselves, and the breeze blowing against the tide; the Nameless Barge began to forsake her heavy gambollings for all kinds of mystical and unexpected gyrations; and again and again ominous noises told of catastrophes within. With that, of course, no one cared to concern himself; the saloon and cabins and pantry might mix themselves up, if they chose; they might make of the whole inside of the ship an elongated dice-box: it was what was happening out here that claimed our attention. And so we fought our way—with such rolling, and pitching, and springing, and curvetting as is quite indescribable—down through the Shoots; until, as the morning went by, we gained what looked like a very good imitation of the open sea, where the pilot-boat began to lengthen out her tacks.

It was now blowing hard; and looking very dirty in the south; and one of us, at least, began to wish that the two women could be transferred to the other boat. The pilots themselves (who had lowered their topsail some time ago) no longer seemed to regard this performance as a joke; they kept an eye on our unwieldy craft, as she plunged along through the heavily-running sea. Indeed, it was almost ludicrous to watch this misshapen thing dipping her nose in the water, and springing forward again, and dashing the foam from her bows just as if she were a real yacht; and the only question was how long she was likely to keep up the pretence by remaining afloat.

Presently a new and startling discovery was made. As there was no calculating what time we should get to Bristol, with this head-wind driving against us, the steersman desired Jack Duncombe to go inside and bring forth a handful of biscuits; and the young man cheerfully obeyed. The next instant he came out again—without any biscuits.

"I say," he exclaimed, with a curious expression of face, "this blessed boat is full of water!"

In a moment—from the look of the women—he perceived the mistake he had made.

"Oh, no; not that," he protested, "but a little water has come in, and it's slopping all about the floor of the saloon. Here, you'd better let me take the tiller for a minute, and you can go and look for yourself."

Of course we all of us instantly made for the door of the saloon; and there a most unpleasant spectacle met our eyes; for if there was not as yet much water visible, it was washing from side to side as the vessel lurched; and, of course, no one could tell at what rate the leakage was coming in.

"Is she going to sink?" said Miss Peggy, rather breathlessly: it was Sir Ewen Cameron she addressed.

"I won't stay another moment in this boat," Mrs. Threepenny-bit exclaimed. "You must call to the pilots—tell them to stop and take us on board!"

"Oh, be quiet!" one had to say to her. "This is nothing of a leakage—it only means that there's nowhere for the water to go to. Don't you understand that all the space below the flooring was filled up with that old iron so as to let her get underneath the bridges?—and this water is merely coming in at some of the dried seams—or at the bull's-eyes!"

"And how fast is it coming in?" she asked.

"How can anybody tell? We'll have to wait and watch. Or rather, Columbus must come inside and watch; and if the water should begin to rise in any quantity, then we may have to get on board the pilot-boat; that's all. It isn't doing any harm—it's only washing the floor!"

Here a violent pitch of the boat flung us all together; and then we could see through the forward window her bows shaking off a great mass of foam.

"Do you see that now? She isn't used to dipping her nose like that; and, of course, there must be sun-dried seams on the bit of deck up there. Or, it may be, those bull's-eyes have got a little loose!"

Well, it has to be conceded to Colonel Cameron that he was the only one who cared to wet his ankles in order to make an examination. He boldly splashed through the lurching water, and got to the further end of the saloon, and, stooping down, strove to reach with his long arm the circular pieces of glass set in the bows of the boat. But neither there nor anywhere else could we find out the source of the leakage; and when Captain Columbus was summoned from his post and shown the state of affairs it was generally agreed that the water must be coming in through defective seams, and that, if it did not pour in any faster than it seemed to be doing at present, we should manage to get to our anchorage in safety. Nevertheless, Columbus was directed to remain in the saloon, and furnished with a bucket and a bailing-can, to amuse himself withal.

But now these long tacks were telling; and we hoped that we should ere long be getting under shelter of a certain dark spur of land running out there in the south. And none too soon either. We had not bargained for this squally weather when we started in the morning, and we knew well enough that this top-heavy boat was not at all fitted for the open sea. Of course we were glad that she was doing so well; and the reports from the saloon informed us that the water was not rapidly increasing; but we were perfectly aware that, if a heavier wave than usual should happen to strike her broadside on, she was just as likely as not to "turn turtle."

So our gallant convoy continued to cut her way through those swift-running seas like a racer; and we laboriously plunged, and rolled, and struggled after. And now that long dark spur of land—Portishead Point, was it called?—was drawing sensibly nearer. The shipping that was gradually becoming visible no doubt marked the whereabouts of the King, or King's Road; and that, we knew, was just off the mouth of the Avon. Then the sea grew a little calmer. We could hear Murdoch at the bow calling to his brother mariners ahead of him—asking for instructions, most probably. And at length and at last, the connecting hawser was shipped, and we parted company; the pilots put out a small boat, and our tall, modest-eyed young friend came on board to be paid; and when we had settled accounts, and when he had shaken hands with each one of us (there is somehow always a touch of the pathetic in a



Columbus was furnished with a bucket and a bailing can, to amuse himself withal.

sailor's farewell), we found ourselves at anchor in a comparatively smooth sheet of water, and near to a Dutch-looking line of coast, the topmasts of vessels or here and there a little glimmer of distant landscape appearing above steep banks of mud.

"Now, Miss Peggy, you and I expect to be waited upon by the whole of this ship's crew and passengers. We have been on duty since half-past two, and now it is ten. If that isn't working for one's breakfast, what is?"

"I'm sure I'm hungry enough," said Miss Peggy, sadly; and Queen Tita was so touched with compassion that she herself began to get the table ready, while Murdoch was in the pantry, busy with ham and eggs and tea.

Now, we had just finished breakfast, and had gone out again to have a look at our surroundings, when we were approached by a wherry containing three men, who offered, for a consideration, to tow us up to Bristol. Truth compels the admission that these three sailors of Bristol city were about the most villainous-looking set of scoundrels one had ever clapped eyes on; and experience proved that they were capable of acting up to their looks. But still, getting to Bristol was the main thing; we agreed to their exorbitant terms, gave them a line, and away they went, we following.

Soon we had entered the river Avon, which is probably rather a pretty river at full tide, but was now, at low water, showing long mud-banks that were far from attractive. As we got further inland, however, we passed through beautiful woods, now almost in full summer foliage; and, whatever had become of the storm we had seen gathering in the south, there were clear blue skies overhead, and a warm sunlight filling the river valley. The three pirates, we observed, drank hard all the way, having replenished their huge keg at a place called Pill. It was none of our business, of course; we were idly speculating as to which would probably murder which before nightfall; and we came to the conclusion that it did not greatly matter—so long as there was a reasonable likelihood that one or other of them would get his notice to quit.

The first trick they played us was to stop at a stone slip not far from Clifton Suspension Bridge, intimating that they had fulfilled their contract, and wanted to be paid. Unthinkingly we gave them the money, only to find out that there was no tow-path here, and that we were stuck fast. Then Guzzling Jack and Gorging Jimmy for a further consideration offered to pull us on another stage—into Bristol city proper; and to that we, being helpless, agreed. At the second stoppage we were somewhat cheered by the sight of the Horse-Marine and his four-footed companion, who were awaiting us. Moreover, there was here a tow-path—at least, there was the common street; but it was so far away from the river edge that there was some difficulty in getting the boat along; whereupon the pirates, observing our quandary, again offered us their help, and volunteered to pull us into the Floating Harbour—for yet another sovereign. We gazed upon these men in silence; and had no answer for them. Forthwith they became pertinacious. Then we curtly bade them begone; and even told them (the women-folk being within) whither we wished them to go. But then again—when Columbus informed us that he and Murdoch could get the Nameless Barge along to the docks by themselves, and suggested that we might as well go ashore now, and that he would bring our things to the hotel later on—it occurred to us that we were once more dependent on those sailors of Bristol. So we airily and goodnaturedly pointed out to them that they might do us the favour of taking us ashore—a few yards distance—in their boat; and this they did; but they claimed a shilling a head for the service; and then were dissatisfied, and sulkily demanded drink. We parted with them more in sorrow than in anger—for the contemplation of such depths of depravity is painful. And even that, as will hereafter be related, was not our last experience of the three Bristol pirates.

As we were leisurely getting along to our hotel on the College Green, Colonel Cameron hung back a little, allowing Jack Duncombe to go on with the women-folk.

"Look here, my friend," said Inverfask, in something of an undertone, "now it's all over, I suppose you ought to be congratulated on having come down the Severn in a house-boat, and in the face of half-a-gale of wind. Well, you've done it—successfully—for once. But, if I were you, I wouldn't try it again."

(To be continued.)



A violent pitch of the boat flung us all together.

THE NEW GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Although in our previous notes on the contents of this exhibition we dwell at some length upon the more attractive pictures, there still remain many which cannot be passed over without remark. Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of Mr. Robert Symon (33) is, in many respects, his best work of the year. There is no suggestion of pose in the attitude or arrangement, yet it speaks more forcibly to the passer-by than many of his more showy productions. The flesh-painting is simply admirable, and free from those dark shadows which so frequently mar this artist's work. Only a degree less successful is his portrait of Mr. Richard Davies (100), Lord Lieutenant of Anglesea, who bears his honour with great dignity and self-possession. Mr. Ward's portraits of Mr. H. Labouchere, M.P. (36), Mr. F. C. Barnard (25), and Mr. John Morley (66), are all excellent and characteristic, especially the first-named; but the bright, cheery face of the editor of *Punch* is more strikingly put before us in Mr. Herkomer's larger and more finished picture (105), whilst the inner light of Mr. Morley's eyes, and the firmness of the mouth, are scarcely insisted upon. In the balcony there is a clever instance of Mr. Ward's talent of dealing with a lady's face in his treatment of Mrs. Mozley (206). The other portraits include Mr. J. H. Lorimer's of Lady Campbell (28), Mrs. Louisa Starr's of Mrs. Keightley (32), and Mr. Holman Hunt's somewhat quaint rendering of Mr. J. Blount Price (85), of which the flesh tints recall those of the children in his recent imaginative work.

Passing next to those pictures in which the figures are the centre of interest, a high place of honour should be awarded to Mrs. Stillman's "Rachel" (96) of the "Purgatorio," typifying the contemplative life—a bright, yet youthful, rendering of Dante's vision. Mr. C. E. Hallé's "Paolo and Francesca" (41), at least in point of size, also claims our attention. It tells the well-known love-story, and seizes the moment when "that day they read no more." In sustained colour this work is far richer than Mr. Hallé has accustomed us to of late, and he throws into the background more light and air. The face of Francesca hardly tells the critical moment of her life; but perhaps the artist's idea was that at such moments a woman does not think, but only feels. Paolo's attitude might be more dignified and easy; but Mr. Hallé has, with apparent intention, proposed to himself a puzzle which he has not satisfactorily solved. Mr. Legros occupies even more space on the wall than Mr. Hallé with his two dark-toned religious pictures, "Femmes en prière" (8), two rows of Breton women in a bare church; and a "Dead Christ" (64), lying on a rock in front of the sepulchre. In neither picture do we see any of that plasticity of which Mr. Legros once gave evidence; and in the group of women in their black cloaks and white head-dress there is a monotony of expression as well as of colour which may be truthful but is scarcely pictorial. In like manner there is nothing in the figure of the dead Christ to suggest any of those higher feelings which a Titian or Rembrandt throws into the subject. It is merely a dead body stretched on its cerement, cold and formal, and but for its utter loneliness would suggest no feeling but that of repulsion. M. H. H. La Thangue is not altogether a new-comer, but he ranks among the recruits who have followed the fortunes of the New Gallery. His "Gaslight Study" (5) of a lady at a table, although technically a *tour de force*, is scarcely of sufficient interest to make it the subject of a picture; and it is only on close inspection that we discover on the wall the reflection in a mirror of M. La Thangue's "Yeoman" (59), which hangs on the opposite wall. This "conceit" is hardly within the range of true art, and it is to be regretted, inasmuch as it somewhat prejudices against the thus reflected work, which displays both humour and power. An old yeoman in a tall black beaver hat and white smock is

reading in his little cottage garden, over the palings of which the landscape is basking in bright sunshine; thus altogether removing from the lady in her study the necessity of having her gaslight burning. Of far greater interest and truer sentiment is Mr. David Carr's "Wayside Idyll" (10), where the cottage-garden, with its bright flowers, forms a sunny setting to a pretty scene. But it is in his other picture of "The Sea Urchins" (143) that Mr. David Carr's rapid advance, both as a draughtsman and a colourist, is most noticeable. The little group of clad and naked children sporting in the shallow water is composed with quite masterly skill, whilst the light sunny air in which they are wrapped is most happily rendered. In both pictures the colouring throughout is delicate and harmonious, and "The Sea Urchins," in many points, recalls bits of Frederick Walker's "Bathers," of which, however, it is in no way a reminiscence. Mr. Philip Burne-Jones is nothing if not startling and original, and although we see much to admire in both "The Prayer to the Penates" (14), of which green is the dominant colour, and in "The Vision of Ezekiel" (51), where the blue drives every other colour away, we are forced to add that they attract us more by their grotesqueness than their beauty. Mrs. Kate Perugini's "Dorothy" (60) is a winsome little lassie, painted with evident appreciation; but child-life is more strongly brought into evidence by Mr. C. N. Kennedy's "Fair-haired Slave who made himself a King" (107), and is being carried aloft by his fair mother and dark-skinned nurse into the bath. The picture, although showing Mr. Tadema's influence, is more in the style of some of Mr. Waterhouse's earlier work, and, whilst giving to the figures a due proportion of marble, metal-work, and other ornaments, it does not lead off our attention from the incident of the moment. The modelling of the group, especially that of the slave, who is already more than ankle-deep in the water, is firm, and the flesh of all the three is healthy and transparent. Mr. Weguelin's large decorative canvas, "Bacchus and the Choir of Nymphs" (148), is rather straggling—and the nymphs with open mouths, learning the lesson of the teacher's rhyme, too forcibly suggest the idea of fly-catching. One figure alone, that of a girl almost full-length, has, in both her face and attitude, any suggestion of wrapt attention; the others seem, for the most part, interested only in the strange appearance of man amongst them. The landscape, however, has many qualities with which Mr. Weguelin may well be satisfied. To conclude this branch of works, we have reserved a *bonne bouche* for the last, in the shape of Mr. F. D. Millet's "Quiet Hour" (150), a girl in a white muslin dress, and seated against a bright light in a cosy room, enjoying the last new novel. The delicate care with which Mr. Millet finishes all his work is more conspicuous here than in his larger picture at Burlington House, and the only thing apparently wanting to make this work and the lady's comfort complete is a—footstool.

In Mr. Napier Hemy's "How the Boat came home" (86) we have a natural transition from figure subjects, although in this instance the boat, bravely riding over the breaking wave, shuts out the greater part of the view. It is a spirited work, and, although the sea is somewhat too blue considering that there is shoal-water all round, the general effect is good and sustained. Perhaps Mr. Hemy shows to greater advantage in his two smaller works in the balcony, "A Southerly Gale" (192) and "On the Harbour Bar" (215), but they have not the wider aim and purpose of the present work, which, by-the-way, is only a study for a larger picture. Mr. Henry Moore's "Fine Weather" (83) and "Early Morning" (15) are only reproductions of effects in the English Channel of which we have seen so many. They are very dextrous; but we begin to suspect that habit rather than sympathy underlies this repetition. Mr. Colin Hunter is in every sense better represented; for, both in his "Fishing Haven" (23) and still more in his "Caller Herrin'" (125) we have, in addition to his bright colour and vigorous drawing, an appreciation of the

fisherlife of Scotland which in future times will serve as a landmark in the history of that country. Mr. Hunter finds so many subjects for his brush in the granite shores of Banffshire that one cannot wish him elsewhere; but we should be glad to see how he would treat other seas and other skies. It would be a critical test of the proverb as to the unchanging views of those who change their abodes. Such works as Mr. L. B. Phillips's "Loch at Sunset" (63), Mr. Hugh Wilkinson's "Lake by the Sea" (40), and Miss E. M. Osborne's feeling study of the old ship in "Her Last Home" (109), deserted on the sandy flats, mark the very indistinct boundary-line between seascape and landscape. In Miss Osborne's carefully thought-out work the poetry is really centred in the grey sky and black clouds, which seem to make the desolation of the worn-out boat more complete and hopeless. Mr. J. W. North deals with brighter themes, and in both his "Little Bit of Somerset" (4) and the "Darling Birds of May" (97) he does full honour to himself as to the New Gallery. These bright and fresh glimpses of the vale of Taunton, or of the glades among the Quantock Hills, seem to us almost the truest and most thoroughly English landscapes of the year—instituted with a love of nature as well as with the poetry of early summer. Mr. North is not satisfied with giving his impressions broadly, he can linger with delicacy upon leaf, grass, or flower, assigning to each its proper place, and making of the whole under a blaze of light a glorious scene. Mr. Mark Fisher's "Winter Pasture" (271) and "The Stream that turns the Mill" (120) are more emphatic, but not more minute than Mr. North's works, and their force is, perhaps, more obvious; but in Mr. Alfred Hunt's "Winter's Wreck and Summer's Pride" (57) we get as it were glimpses, harmonised through the artist's own medium, of the apparently divergent influences which operate on the other two artists. We have seen other work by Mr. Hunt which we like better than either this picture or his Welsh piece, "Tyn-y-Coed" (35); but if at times he succeeds in super-refining Nature, we are made to understand that it is by reason of some inward compulsion against which he himself is powerless. Mr. Arthur Lemon is a younger man, and seems also to be moved by similar impulses, for in his two works, "A Vendetta" (19) and "A Struggle" (48), the centaurs in truth form only incidents in a landscape which is intended to convey the spirit of a Greek tragedy. It is the classic landscape modified by a rich but trained imagination, and, in this respect, seems to us the very counterpart of Sr. Costa's or Mr. Eugene Benson's work, of which the former's "First Smile of Morn" (77) and the latter's "Music and Moonlight" are the most conspicuous instances. Mr. Corbett at one time seemed likely to follow in the lines of Sr. Costa's art, and in his largest work here (114), in the treatment of the distant landscape, we see traces of his former leader's style, but rendered with more simple feeling. Mr. Alfred East's contributions, "A Winter Moon-rise" (46) and a "Break of Day" (118), are both delicate works, full of feeling and refinement; and, on a smaller scale and with tentative brush, we see Mr. Maurice Pollock in the "Bracken Harvest" (174) and the "Evening Effect in the New Forest" (265) following the best traditions of the French landscape school. Mr. Arthur Tomson's somewhat sombre "Evening Landscape" (76) should on no account be passed by without notice, revealing as it does the promise of greater works. We should also mention before concluding this rapid survey, many works of artists whose names are too well known for them to run any risk of being passed unnoticed. Amongst such are Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Harvest of the Dawn" (81), mushroom-gatherers at their early task; Mr. David Murray's "Early October in Picardy" (80), Mr. Helleke's "Changing Pasture" (62), and Mr. William Padgett's powerful work "In a Lonely Land" (124), with dark, lowering clouds driving over the barren sand-dunes.

In the balcony, among many interesting works, are to be found a number of drawings, chiefly mythological subjects, by Mr. Burne-Jones, etchings and studies by M. Legros, and pictures by Mr. Parsons, Miss Stillman, Mrs. Cecil Lawson, Mrs. Alma Tadema, and many others; and although the space available is more conducive to a close inspection than to a distant view, the works selected for this part of the building are able to submit to this test.

We cannot conclude without congratulating the managers of the New Gallery on the success of their first exhibition, and without expressing the hope that it may be the forerunner of many worthy successors.

"RETURN FROM THE FETE DIEU."

In this picture, which won the gold medal at the Antwerp International Exhibition, Mr. P. R. Morris, A.R.A., has represented Flemish peasant women and girls crossing the sands, on their way home from attending the imposing religious solemnity of the Roman Catholic Church, the girls being dressed in white, with long veils, for their "première communion"; and they are followed, at a respectful distance, by a father and brothers. The effects of reflected light on the surface of the water, and the clouds and atmospheric tints in the sky, agreeably enhancing the force of the prominent figures, and of the boats and the cart, give increased importance to the whole composition, which is one of the artist's most successful works.

Mr. William Rose, B.S., M.B., F.R.C.S., has been appointed Professor of Surgery at King's College, London, and full surgeon of King's College Hospital, in succession to Professor Henry Smith, who retires after many years of distinguished service.

The Art for Schools Association held its annual meeting at its rooms (29, Queen-square, Bloomsbury) recently, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., presiding. The work of the association has been steadily progressing during the past year, and its usefulness is becoming more widely recognised, schools not only in various parts of the United Kingdom, but also in the United States and the British Colonies applying for collections of pictures to be hung round their school-rooms. Unfortunately, want of means still prevents the association from carrying out one of its chief objects—the circulation of works by loan to poorer schools unable to purchase their own sets of pictures. An earnest appeal for support in this direction was made by Mr. Mundella, who gave the result of his experience in the matter when Vice-President of the Council on Education. The association during the past year has lost three of its distinguished members, who had been its constant upholders since its first foundation. Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Edward Thring (head-master of Uppingham School), and Mr. J. Cotter Morison. Each of these saw in the objects of the association different reasons for helping it onward: Mr. Matthew Arnold held that pictures selected with a regard for art relieved the monotony of school-day life; Mr. Thring found that they stimulated scholars and assisted the teachers; and Mr. Cotter Morison thought that, whether as works of art or as mere object lessons, they widened the sympathies and intelligence of those brought into daily contact with them. The report on the association's work, and all information, may be obtained on application to the secretary, 29, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

D. OF M.	D. OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN.			MOON.			DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.					HIGH WATER AT						Day of Year.			
			Rises.	Souths after Noon.	Sets.	Rises. Morn.	Sets. Morn.	Before Sunrise.					Moon's Age.	After Sunset.			London.		Bridge.		Liverpool Dock.		
								O'Clock.	0	1	2	3		4	O'Clock.	8	9	10	11		12	Morn.	Aftern.
h.	m.	h. m.	m. s.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.		
1	F	Nicomede	3 52	2 22	8 5	0 59	11 14														153		
2	S	Gordon Riots, 1780	3 51	2 12	8 5	1 22	Aftern.							22							154		
3	S	1ST SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	3 50	2 2	8 6	1 42	1 28							23							155		
4	M	General Wolsey born, 1833	3 49	1 52	8 7	2 2	2 34							24							156		
5	Tu	Boniface, Bishop	3 49	1 42	8 8	2 21	3 38							25							157		
6	W	Count Cavour died, 1861	3 48	1 31	8 8	2 41	4 41							26							158		
7	Th	Reform Bill passed, 1832	3 47	1 20	8 9	3 4	5 46							27							159		
8	F	Alexandra Palace burnt, 1873	3 47	1 8	8 10	3 30	6 50							28							160		
9	S	Charles Dickens died, 1870	3 46	0 56	8 11	4 0	7 51														161		
10	S	2ND SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	3 46	0 45	8 12	4 36	8 48							1							162		
11	M	St. Barnabas	3 46	0 32	8 13	5 22	9 40							2							163		
12	Tu	Length of Day, 16h. 27m.	3 46	0 20	8 13	6 14	10 25							3							164		
13	W	Earl Rivers executed, 1453	3 45	Before Noon.	8 14	7 15	11 3							4							165		
14	Th	Battle of Marengo, 1800	3 45	0 5	8 14	8 21	11 35							5							166		
15	F	Thomas Campbell died, 1844	3 45	0 18	8 15	9 32	Morn.							6							167		
16	S	Canning died, 1862	3 45	0 31	8 15	10 46	0 3							7							168		
17	S	3RD SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	3 45	0 44	8 16	Aftern.	0 29							8							169		
18	M	Battle of Waterloo, 1815	3 45	0 57	8 17	1 19	0 53							9							170		
19	Tu	Magna Charta signed, 1215	3 45	1 10	8 17	2 39	1 16							10							171		
20	W	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837	3 45	1 22	8 17	4 2	1 41							11							172		
21	Th	Proclamation	3 45	1 35	8 17	5 23	2 10							12							173		
22	F	Length of Night, 7h. 23m.	3 46	1 48	8 18	6 43	2 45							13							174		
23	S	Lord Campbell died, 1861	3 46	2 1	8 18	7 57	3 28							14							175		
24	S	4TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	3 46	2 14	8 18	9 0	4 19							15							176		
25	M	Cambridge Easter Term ends	3 47	2 26	8 18	9 49	5 23							16							177		
26	Tu	George IV. died, 1830	3 47	2 39	8 18	10 29	6 31							17							178		
27	W	Bessemer trial trips, 1875	3 47	2 51	8 18	11 0	7 44							18							179		
28	Th	Queen Victoria crowned, 1833	3 48	3 3	8 13	11 25	8 56							19							180		
29	F	St. Peter	3 49	3 15	8 17	11 48	10 6							20							181		
30	S	William Roscoe died, 1881	3 49	3 27	8 17	Morn.	11 16							21							182		

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR JUNE.

The Moon is near Venus on the 8th, the day before New Moon. She is near Mercury on the evening of the 11th, and, as Mercury sets on this evening at 10h 7m p.m., or 1h 54m after the Sun, he is favourably situated for observation. The nearest approach will be about 9h p.m., when Mercury will be a little higher than the Moon. The Moon will be near Saturn on the evening of June 13, being situated to the left of the planet. The Moon will be near Mars on the 18th, being to the left of the planet. Mars will be due south on this evening at 7h 10m p.m., and the Moon at 7h 24m p.m. She will be near and to the left of Jupiter on the 21st, Jupiter being due south at 9h 42m p.m., and the Moon at 10h 8m p.m. Her phases or times of change are:—

Last Quarter on the 1st at 53 minutes after noon
New Moon " 9th " 34 " 4 in the afternoon.
First Quarter " 17th " 50 " 6 " morning.
Full Moon " 23rd " 8 " 9 " afternoon.

She is most distant from the Earth on the 6th, and nearest to it on the 21st.

MERCURY is an evening star. He sets on the 3rd at 10h 6m p.m.; on the 8th at 10h 9m p.m., or 2 hours after the Sun; on the 13th at 10h 6m p.m.,

or 1h 46m after sunset; on the 18th at 9h 45m a.m., or 1h 28m after the Sun sets; on the 23rd at 9h 22m p.m., or 1h 4m after the Sun; on the 28th at 8h 53m p.m., or 35 minutes after sunset; and on the 30th at 8h 39m p.m., or 25 minutes after the Sun. He is near the Moon on the 11th, at greatest eastern elongation (21 deg. 24 min.) on the 12th, in descending node on the 17th, and at the greatest distance from the Sun on the 27th.

VENUS rises on the 1st at 3h 22m a.m., or 39 minutes before sunrise; on the 11th at 3h 18m a.m., or 23 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 21st at 3h 22m a.m., or 23 minutes before sunrise; and on the 31st at 3h 32m a.m., or 17 minutes before sunrise. She is near the Moon on the 8th, and in ascending node on the 20th.

MARS rises on the 1st at 1h 45m a.m., on the 11th at 1h 8m a.m., on the 21st at 0h 32m a.m., and on the 30th at 11h 57m p.m. He is in descending node on the 5th, and near the Moon on the 18th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 3h 34m a.m., or 18 minutes before sunrise; on the 10th at 2h 56m a.m., or 53 minutes before sunrise; on the 20th at 2h 13m a.m., or 1h 33m before the Sun rises; and on the 30th at 1h 32m a.m. He is near the Moon on the 21st.

SATURN sets on the 1st at 11h 33m p.m., on the 9th at 11h 3m p.m., on the 29th at 9h 50m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 13th.



RETURN FROM THE FÊTE DIEU.

ANTWERP GOLD MEDAL PICTURE, BY P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

MAY BLOOM.

If May be not the most beautiful month in the Calendar, I should like to know which is. April, with its alternate smiles and tears, has a good deal to say for itself; but April, after all, is only a month of promise, while May is a month of performance—not, indeed, of maturity, which always brings with it the shadow of the decay that is its natural sequence—but of vigorous and strenuous achievement, like that which we find in the work of early manhood. The orchard-blossoms are now ripening into fruit; the wild flowers cluster thickly by the wayside, and on the woodland border, in holt and shaw, and by each little pool; the waving grain shoots up fair and strong; the lush grass will soon invite the crisp sweep of the mower's scythe; the trees have taken on their beautiful fresh greenery; the hedges are white with masses of bloom, which lie upon them like snow, and yet are of a warmer hue: the lilac shakes out its delicate sweet fragrance on the soft waves of air; unseen, but everywhere heard, the cuckoo intones his two-syllabled chant; the swift wing of the swallow lightly skims the surface of the brook; the grasshopper sings in the fields, and the bees hurry to and fro with a restless, populous murmur. We rise up every morning with the consciousness that to-day will be longer than yesterday, and to-morrow longer than to-day. The summer is still before us; we can still talk of it as something to be enjoyed; we can still think with delight of the songs which have yet to be sung, of the bud and leaf which have yet to be seen in their beauteous unfolding. We can understand, then, the mood of rapture in which our forefathers welcomed this joyous, hopeful month, with all its sights and sounds of Nature's happy activity. It is the month of dewy freshness, of genial untrusting youth, of swift and robust growth, of an expanding beauty; and they were wise to troop forth, young and old, "into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds, praising God after their kind." (Observe what the influence of the May-time can do for a man! These glowing words are not borrowed from any of our poets—who seem to go abroad this month as under roofs of implicated boughs, and through winding arcades of flowery hawthorn—but from a dull and staid topographer, whose blood has been so warmed by the May sunshine, and his soul so bathed in the May bloom, that he has kindled into sudden and spontaneous eloquence!) They set out a-Maying with the first reddening streaks in the eastern sky, to return at sunrise in a bright procession—like the Israelites on the Feast of Tabernacles—waving large boughs of scented hawthorn, and wreathed and crowned with festoons of meadow-flowers; and soon, as Herriek tells us, each street became a park, "made green and trimmed with trees"—each window, each porch was turned into a bower, "made up of whitethorn neatly interwoven, as if here were those cooler shades of love," and thus the bloom and the balm of the May were conveyed right into the hearts of dingy towns.

The May bloom fell like sweet music on the heart of Chaucer, when, in his version of the old "Roman de la Rose," he broke out into almost a lyrical strain:—

Hard is his heart that loveth naught
In May when all this mirth is wrought;
When he may on those branches hear
The small birds sing clear
Their blissful sweet song piteous,
And, in this season, delicious.

In his "Court of Love" the poet also speaks of the May month as a power which puts a new motion and impulse into the heart

and mind of man. In no season, he says, are our feelings so astir as when—

We may hear the birdies sing,
And see the flowers and the leaves spring,
That bringeth into the heart's remembrance
A warmer ease, mixed with grievance,
And lusty thoughts full of great longings—

which are, indeed, just the thoughts that the May awakens: thoughts with a deep yearning in them—a yearning after the truth and purity of Nature, after the calm and happiness of the silent heavens. And it was the waves of sweet odour coming fresh from hawthorn bush and hawthorn hedge that inspired Spenser's exquisite description of "fair May" as the fairest maid on earth, "decked all with dainties of her season's pride, And throwing flowers out of her lap around. . . . Lord! how all creatures laugh when her they spied!" And it was this, too, which drew from the grave muse of Milton the bright portraiture of "the flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose. . . . The beauteous May, that doth inspire Mirth and youth and warm desire!" Under its influence Wordsworth saw "the children culling, On every side, In a thousand valleys, far and wide, Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm, And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm." And so the waves of the hawthorn scent and the beauty of the hawthorn bloom mingle with our English poetry down to the days of Tennyson.

May is the month of flowers. They are now visible everywhere—in dell and dingle, on the wayside bank, in the cool shade of the orchard, among the recesses of the woodland stream. The primroses have not yet exhausted their prodigality; the dog-violet looks up with a bolder air than became its modest predecessor; the rich gold of the kingcups contrasts with the delicate pink and white of the cardamines. In shady places you come upon broad patches of bluebells, which look as if bits of the May sky had fallen upon the sward and rested there. From cottage gardens is wafted the exquisitely sweet breath of the gillyflowers; and the meadows are radiant with the sheen of cowslips. The graceful forms of the wood-anemones are drooping in their cool moist habitats. The golden buttercup—a member of the widespread ranunculus genus—is everywhere, and scarcely less abundant is the wood-sorrel, with its bright green tripartite leaves, which hasten to close up at the approach of rain. In the woods you are now greeted with the sweet savour of the woodruff, not unlike that of new-mown hay: you must bruise or rub the tiny leaves, if you would bring out their full perfume. The lesser stitchwort may be found in odd nooks and corners; as for the greater stitchwort, it is a familiar friend, and so is the lilac-tinted cuckoo-plant, which, with the scarlet campions, is common in every hedge-row. Several species of the crane's-bill, or wild geranium, are also in flower, some streaked with a rich purple, some tinged with a soft pink, and others with a delicate "rose of dawn." And the orchises now amuse us with their quaint mimicry of the insect tribes—the bee, the butterfly, the spider.

May is the month of birds. I lingered under an old ash-tree the other evening for ten to twelve minutes, listening to a blackbird, which sang unceasingly with a liquid flute-like repetition of dulcet notes, that seemed to come from his very heart, and to tell of his delight in the warm blandness of the hushed air, and in the pomp of the sun as, with a splendour of fine colours, he was sinking majestically below the horizon. When he had finished there was a brief but distinct pause; then from a cherry-tree near at hand a thrush began to sing. Lord! as the old poet would say, with what trills and delightful cadences and full rush of musical notes and fluent warbles!—one would have thought that he was doing his best to

out-vie the previous singer. Now from the thick grasses in the distant pasture rises the hoarse "crake-crake" of the corn-crake; and where the streamlet slides past the water-plains and green rushes and broad golden petals of the marsh-marigolds, the dolorous cry of the peewit—most plaintive of birds! whom not even the glory of the May can inspire with a livelier strain—betrays what she seeks to hide—the abiding-place of her nest and her treasured offspring. Yes; this is the month of birds. The soft, low crooning of the ring-doves; the dubious, laughter-like chatter of the woodpecker; the various melodies of the finches; the quaint cry of the cuckoo, which, when on the wing, utters a succession of short, harsh notes something like "kuck-kuck-kuck," reserving his "minor third" for his intervals of rest; the rich, full music of the blackcap; the jubilant anthem of the lark; and, above all, the glorious triumphal song of the nightingale, May's chosen minstrel;—all these belong to this favoured month.

Here one might be tempted into a digression on the moot point whether the song of the nightingale is, as some of our poets affirm, "most melancholy," or as others say, a song of gladness? Something must depend, I suppose, on the mood of the listener. To a young lover, on whom his mistress has chanced to frown, it may seem a direct response to his feelings of despondency and pain; but I think that anyone who listens "without prejudice," as the lawyers say, will recognise in it a pervading character of full and rapturous enjoyment. The delicate, sweet song is delivered with such a precipitate hurry of rich pure sounds—such a torrent of entrancing modulations—of murmurs musical and swift "jug-jug"—such a flow of fanciful passages—as if the little brown musician were fearful that a night in May "would be too short for him to utter forth his love-chant, and disburthen his full soul of all its music"—that it is impossible to mistake the joyousness and abundant felicity of which it is the rapt expression. Why should it be otherwise, when he has so many sweet, delightful things to sing of? Of his tender little mate in the nest hard by, of the coming brood now hushed beneath her folding wings, of all the vernal sights and sounds which a bountiful Heaven has called into existence, of the green boughs which spread over him a canopy of young foliage, of the clustering, grape-like blossoms of the chestnuts and the murmur of insect-life among the sweeping limes, of the hum of bees among the racemes of the sycamore, of the mayflies that skir across the ripples of the stream, and the gorgeous butterflies that flutter to and fro like flashes of sapphire and emerald, of gold and purple—of all these, and much more, one can imagine that the nightingale is singing. His song indeed, like all true poetry, is a reflex of the feelings of the time; and if, now and then, its exultant sweep is interrupted by a note of anguish—a sigh and a sob which go straight to the hearer's heart—what is that but a faithful echo of the lives of you and me, my friend, into which, however prosperous, however happy, the dark hour—the hour of sorrow and trouble and bitter grief—must inevitably intrude? But the bird glides back at once into his customary ecstatic felicity, and thereby teaches a lesson which some of us, in our unmanly pessimism and self-indulgence, need to bear well in mind: that the sorrows of life, in proportion to the joys of life, are as trivial as they are transitory, so that the brave spirit, surveying all that is within its reach of hope, strength, and consolation, will resolutely set them aside, and go on its daily round of duties in calm enjoyment of "the gladness of the May," of the splendour in the grass and the glory in the flower.

W. H. D.-A.

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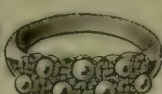
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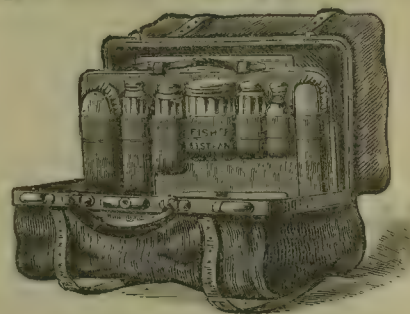
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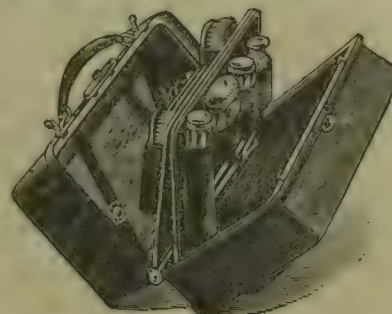
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BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "BOOTLES' BABY," "ARMY SOCIETY," "MIGNON'S HUSBAND," &c.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the good old palmy days, before non-purchase and competitive examinations came into fashion, before there was a thought that the Service would go—as old soldiers tell you now—a-days it has gone—straight to the dogs, that Colonel Valentine de Crespigny commanded the 102nd Dragoon, known throughout the Army as the King's Roans.

He was not a young man. It was more common to see a commanding officer with a white head than a brown one in those days; and Colonel de Crespigny's head was as white as the driven snow. He must have been close upon sixty—a handsome, clear-eyed, fresh-coloured old dandy, square in the shoulder and equally square in the jaw, upright as the side of a house, and standing firm as the trunk of an oak-tree that has scarce reached perfection.

He was a man, too, of perfect manners and courtesy when he chose to be so, which he certainly did not do as a matter of course; a man who was A 1 at everything which used at that time to be thought essential in a soldier—a good shot, a good whip, a good dancer, a first-rate soldier, and a good disciplinarian; or, as a young subaltern who had fallen under the ban of his displeasure once put it: "The d—dest passionate old bully to be found from one end of the British Army to the other."

But, in polite language, he was what is called a "martinet"; and, in that character, he was as well known as the handsome old hero of the Lilley episode, and even better known than the scion of a great Yorkshire house who had to give up his command, owing to a playful little way he had of keeping up the discipline of his regiment by having the invalids, in no matter what stage of illness, roused from sleep that they might salute him when he passed through the wards of the military hospital under his command.

Never was a regiment in better condition than the King's Roans when Valentine de Crespigny commanded it. For years he had never been known to overlook a fault, or, in truth, to let it pass without the most severe punishment which lay in his power to award; and well it was for the rank and file that, at the time of which I am writing, the 102nd was no longer in existence, for I verily believe if it had been, Colonel de Crespigny would have worn out cat-o'-nine-tails by the dozen.

Yet he was popular. His officers were as proud of his ungovernable temper as they were of his many accomplishments, and his men would, one and all, have followed him on the most forlorn hope that ever gallant hearts tried to win.

But, outside the fighting strength of the regiment, Colonel de Crespigny was not liked. The wives of his officers detested him; partly because he kept their husbands a good deal more closely at work than altogether suited their plans; partly because he did not approve of married soldiers, and gave them, therefore, the benefit of none of his pretty manners; nay, more than that, he took every means in his power to show them that he considered their presence in his barracks altogether superfluous and quite unnecessary.

As for the regimental ladies of a lower grade—that is, the married women on the strength—they simply shivered and

shook in their shoes whenever they happened to cross his path. Not entirely without cause, for Colonel de Crespigny had no notion of making the weekly inspection of their quarters a mere matter of form. On the contrary, every Sunday morning, after church, he made his round; and woe betide the unlucky woman on the strength who had had a speck on her floor or a spot of rust on her grate! Woe betide the child who had other than a smiling morning face—so to speak! Oh! the atmosphere of awe which surrounded the handsome old commanding officer was truly marvellous!

"Jest you got on to the strength, my girl," cried one of the ladies who had the doubtful fortune to occupy that delectable position, to a sickly, slatternly young private's wife, whom babies had weighed down till she seemed to have stuck fast in a veritable Slough of Despond. "And the Colonel 'll make you sit up—see if he don't. Had a bad night wi' the babby? Aye, I daresay—but, according to the Colonel, that ought to make you all the better able to do your work in the morning. Got a back-ache? Ah! I daresay you 'ave; but there's naught for easing a back-ache like going down on your knees floor-scrubbing. Aye, you ought to be on the strength, my girl; that's where you ought to be."

"I wouldn't," remarked another of these ladies one day, after the Colonel had just discovered, or thought he discovered, a bad smell in her quarters, and, not being able to find it, had vented his disgust by asking her when she had washed her face last—"I wouldn't be the Colonel's servant, no, not to call the Queen my aunt. How that pore feller manages to keep his 'ead on his shoulders is more than I can tell. 'Pon my word, there's never no pleasing of him. Here am I, all as clean as a new pin; even he can't find no fault, except to fancy a smell; so he just finds fault with my complexion, and asks me when I'd washed my face last!"

"E never did?" gasped one of her hearers. "Oh! but didn't he! And me as clean as a new pin!" "And what did you say, Mrs. Morris?" asked a bystander, with breathless interest.

"Well," returned Mrs. Morris; "I aint that afraid of the Colonel as some of the married ladies are; so I just up and says, 'Some folk are born fresh-coloured, Sir, and some folk aint. I was born sallow.' And then I gives a look at his great red face, and he gives a grunt and out he goes. Oh, I aint so scared of the Colonel as some I know; but, all the same, I wouldn't be his servant—no; not to call the Queen my aunt! I do pity that poor lad, often enough."



They came with a mighty crash to the floor together.

CHAPTER II.

But, as it happened, Colonel de Crespigny's servant stood in but little need of the pity which the redoubtable Mrs. Morris so freely lavished upon him. Like many another great and powerful man, the Colonel was less of a hero to his valet than to anyone else of his acquaintance.

The human mind, like the human body, is singularly adaptable to surrounding circumstances, and, perhaps, after the manner in which the good people of Naples live and die, eat, drink, marry, and are given in marriage, with never a thought of the monster above them, whose rage might burst forth at any moment—as it burst forth in the time of Pliny, and buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii for fourteen hundred years—so Private Jesse Spring lived very comfortably in a daily contact with his commanding-officer such as would have filled any other one of his equals in the regiment with consternation and dismay merely to think of. True, the Colonel used to vent many and many an annoyance and vexation upon Jesse Spring, in a way which some men might not have found themselves able to stand. But Spring was a young man of patient temper, and of a good solid, rhinoceros-like mental epidermis. As he was wont to say himself, "He never took no notice, but just let the Colonel go on till he felt better."

And, as a matter of course, Jesse Spring got the best of it in the long run. He was very patient, and honest as the day. He was always respectful in manner, and after the very worst "jacketing" which the Colonel was capable of administering, was just as amiable and took precisely the same cheerful interest in everything as he did when his master was in a high good temper. A truly valuable servant, a human safety-valve to whom he might d— and rave till his handsome old face was purple—a truly valuable servant!

And there was one other person in Middleham Barracks whom Colonel de Crespigny did not inspire with awe—one before whose smile the most fierce anger was sure to fade away—one before whose unflinching blue eyes the fury which so often filled his own would

inevitably melt into smiles—one who loved the handsome, fierce, turbulent old autocrat with all the strength of her heart—one whom Jesse Spring called "Missy" and Colonel de Crespigny was accustomed to call his sweetheart.

It was an odd friendship! Yet it had come about in a perfectly natural way; for, three years before, Missy's father had exchanged from a regiment in India to the King's Roans, leaving behind in her quiet grave the young wife he had devotedly loved, and bringing with him his one little, fair-haired, blue-eyed motherless child. From this child Captain Felix would never part, and as it did not seem worth while to set up a house outside the barracks for one small child—and he was not a rich man, by any means—she remained with him and shared his quarters.

At first the Colonel had made a good deal of fuss about the intolerable nuisance of having a brat—a girl brat—constantly about the officers' quarters; but as he made it chiefly to Spring, who was a young man believing devoutly in the virtue of the old proverb which says, "The least said, the soonest mended"—why, his grumbings never went any further than to Spring's patient ears.

And then it happened one day that the Colonel, coming out of his quarters in a hurry, encountered little Missy in the corridor—encountered her with such a vengeance that the little five-year-old maid in her black frock and white pinafore, and the handsome old Colonel in all the glory of his full-dress, with silver-hilted sword and gold-embroidered sabretasche, struggled for a moment, and then came with a mighty crash to the floor together!

Unlike every other child in the regiment, this child was not dismayed in the least, but was on her feet in a moment, holding out her little dimpled hands to the Colonel, had she but known it, "the d—dest passionate old bully to be found from one end of the British Army to the other."

"Up-a-daisy!" she remarked encouragingly, and strove her very hardest to pull him on to his feet.

But it was no use. The Colonel, tickled by the humour of



"Up-a-daisy!"

the situation—funny when you the man into con- laugh; and the tugged and pulled heap on the floor, and chuckle with her efforts, squatted herself down in front of him with her two sturdy legs straight out before her, and laughed—well, such joyous and ringing peals of mirth as only can come straight from the heart of a fearless and happy child.

"God bless my soul!" chuckled the Colonel at last.

"Dad bless your legs!" cried the child, gaily.

"You're right, little woman, you're right," the old autocrat returned, nodding his head and smiling till the fierce ends of his white moustache almost touched his eyelashes. "You tumbled me over clean that time, no mistake about it. Do you know who I am?"

Missy began to look coquettish at once, and peeped at him sideways through her long eyelashes; then she nodded wisely.

"Well," demanded the Colonel; "and who am I?"

"You don't like me," was Missy's astounding reply: "Da-da said so. Da-da said I was to keep out of your way—I know. But I do like you," she went on, emboldened perhaps by the fact that the great man had not attempted to rise as yet and had done no more towards that end than to gather himself together in a tailor's heap on the floor: "you're such a pretty old man."

At this piece of information the old Colonel went off into fresh fits of laughter, so hearty that Jesse Spring, who was off duty owing to a boil on his knee and so was excused the field-day for which he had just dressed his master, came to the door of the Colonel's quarters to see what could be afoot; and, seeing, stood with open mouth for full five minutes, struck dumb with astonishment at the unwonted sight, until, perhaps remembering that the entire regiment was awaiting him out in the barrack-square, Colonel de Crespigny made an effort and rose to his feet, whereat Private Jesse Spring retired quickly behind the shelter of the door.

"I'm glad you like me, little woman," said the Colonel, as he pulled himself together. "I'm a very good sort of fellow



In less time than it takes me to write the words, Spring had wrenched the bone out.



"I won't be the Colonel's servant, no, not to call the Queen my aunt!"

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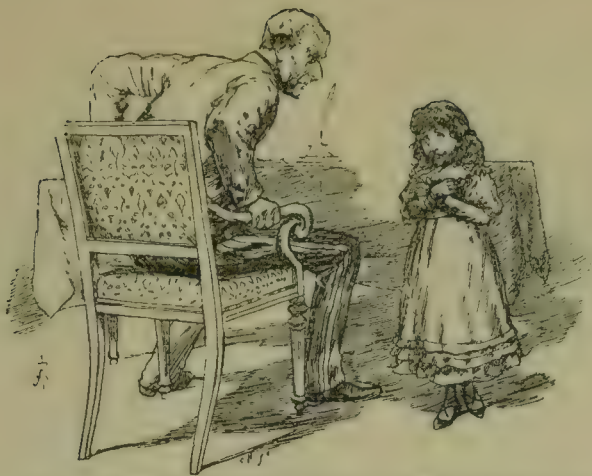
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"Why, my sweetheart," said the Colonel, turning in his chair that he might see her the better.

on the whole. You shall come in and see some picture-books some day. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Missy; but she supplemented the farewell by holding up her lovely little fearless face towards that of the fierce old man, at which—wonder of wonders!—Colonel Valentine de Crespigny bent down and kissed her as tenderly as if he had been the father of a dozen such as she was.

"By gum!" muttered Private Jesse Spring to himself as he peeped through the chink of the door. "If ever I see the like o' that! By gum!"

CHAPTER III.

From that day forth the commanding officer of the King's Roans and the little girl were the firmest of firm friends, and the hold which the child had won by her cheery "Up-a-daisy!" she kept still. At first there had been a good deal of chaff about it, and Felix had been made to believe that his little maid had, so to speak, put her hand on the cockatrice den—that the lion had, in very truth, laid down with the lamb.

But as time went on, and no harm seemed to come from the familiar touching of the cockatrice, and the lion seemed in no hurry to eat the lamb, Felix and the rest of the officers gave up speaking about it, and life went on as it had done heretofore, the old martinet just as severe as he had been from the beginning. But the child was made free of his sitting-room at most times, and was accustomed to knock at the door thereof and demand entrance whenever it suited her imperious fancy. In this way, she was thrown a good deal into the society of Private Jesse Spring. Naturally, when she invited herself, which she did every day, to go and see the Colonel, the Colonel did not expect to see her nurse, who, indeed, for that matter, was very glad to be relieved for an hour or so from her charge; and, naturally enough, too, Jesse Spring was very frequently about his master's quarters, and was very frequently called upon to do some service or other for his master's little friend. And on one particular occasion, when Colonel de Crespigny happened to be out of barracks, Missy went flying in the wildest distress, and with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh! Spring—my pug! my pug! Do come!" she sobbed. The pug had been a gift of the Colonel's nearly a year before; and Spring, being a young man accustomed to acting on an emergency, promptly ran off to Captain Felix's rooms, where he found the frightened nurse vainly struggling to get at a big knob of bone which had stuck in the roof of the choking pug's mouth.

"My pug! my pug!" shrieked Missy, frantically. In less time than it takes me to write the words, Spring had wrenched the bone out, and had set the pug's mouth free.

"Oh! thank you, dear, dear Spring!" sobbed Missy, with all the fervour and gratitude of eight years old; "I'll never forget it, Spring. How good and clever you are!"

Spring passed over the little lady's compliments without notice—it is a way that a certain class have of showing their manliness.

"The dog's mouth 'll be tender for a bit, Missy," he remarked stolidly. "You'd best keep him on bread and milk, and gravy, and such-like, for a day or two. I doubt 'e'll 'ave the toothache for a bit, and anyway it's best to be careful."

"Oh! he shall," Missy exclaimed eagerly; "he shall have just what you tell us—sha'n't he, nurse? And you come and see him every day till he's better—won't you? Oh! it was so good of you, Spring!—so good! Perhaps I shall be able to do something for you some day."

Private Spring fairly blushed. "Oh! I was very glad to 'elp you, Missy," he said awkwardly. "'Twas a good job I was at 'and: pore little feller, 'e'd 'ave choked in a minute or two more," and then he patted the pug's head and departed.

As Spring had predicted, the dog's mouth was very swollen and sore for several days; and as the poor little animal's sufferings increased, so did Missy's gratitude grow. She pondered and pondered over the question, What could she ever

do to repay him for his timely assistance? She sang his praises to the Colonel, and gave that gentleman the broadest of hints that it would be highly acceptable to her if the rank of corporal were bestowed upon him. But to this the Colonel turned a deaf ear, for Spring suited him admirably as a servant, and if he went and made a corporal of him, Heaven only knew where he should ever be able to get such another model of patience and cheerfulness. Besides, in truth, Colonel de Crespigny did not consider Jesse Spring at all suitable for the post of corporal. As a servant, he was in his proper groove, and his master had a feeling, which was almost a feeling of certainty, that as a corporal it would take him but a very short time to go utterly to the bad. Therefore he turned an ear more deaf than Missy had ever known his ear to be to the child's hints, and contented himself with giving him a suit of clothes which he had intended to wear himself for several months to come.

But still Missy was not satisfied. She wanted to do something substantial for her precious pug's preserver, and she did not look upon a suit of old clothes in that light at all. Indeed, such was her desire to show her gratitude that she would willingly have cut off her lovely golden curls and presented them to Spring, if, by so doing, she would have given him pleasure. However, for the happiness of everyone, Spring was a stolid young man, on whom such an attention would have been utterly thrown away—a fact which nobody realised better than Captain Felix's little motherless daughter.

Well, it happened one day soon after lunch time, not very long after the episode of the dog and the bone, that Missy wanted to tell the Colonel the news that a lady in India who had known her mother very well was sending her a box of Indian knick-knacks, and that they might be expected to arrive at any moment. So she just slipped across the corridor and knocked at his door. A roar from within seemed to answer her, and Missy turned the handle and went in.

She saw that the Colonel was in a furious passion, and that Spring was standing up by the fire-place with trembling hands and a face like chalk. The Colonel turned as the door opened, and at the sight of the child the fury faded out of his face somewhat, and his angry eyes softened.

"What is it, my sweetheart?" he asked, trying to soften his voice so as not to frighten her.

"What's the matter, Colonel?" she asked, staring at Spring with all her eyes. She had never seen him look like that before. "What has Spring been doing?" she asked, finding that the Colonel did not reply.

"Spring has been doing what I never would have believed him capable of doing," said the Colonel—

"Excuse me, Sir; I did not take the pin," interposed Spring, with firmness, yet with a face so ghastly pale that little Missy's heart stood still for fear. "It's not in reason, Sir, that I should. I've"—

"Don't try to excuse yourself, Sir," thundered the Colonel, losing his temper again.

"I don't excuse myself at all, Sir," returned the man, whose natural stolidity stood him in good stead, and enabled him to speak at a moment when a more sensitive man would have kept silent. "I've no cause to, for I never touched the pin at all. Why should I? I've 'ad charge of all your things for five years, and is it likely I'd be a-stealing of 'em now?—least of all, that I'd take what I knew was of less value than all the others, and would be first missed?"

The Colonel was on the point of speaking, when Missy, who had crept up to his chair, suddenly spoke instead. "Colonel," she said, "I want to tell you something. May Spring go away?"

The Colonel made a gesture of dismissal, and the servant stumbled blindly out of the room; Missy stood with her hands tightly clasped together—waiting.

Finding she did not speak, the Colonel turned round to her. "What is it, my sweetheart?" he asked.

"What has Spring done?" she asked.

"I am afraid—I am almost sure—he has stolen my diamond pin," the Colonel answered.

"The one you wear every day?"

"Yes; the villain! I thought he was honest; but they're all alike: you can't trust 'em as far as you can see 'em!"

"Colonel!" whispered the child, holding both her little trembling hands clasped tight over her breast, as if she would try to still her wildly-beating heart, "I—I"—

"Why, my sweetheart!" said the Colonel, turning in his chair that he might see her the better.

"Don't be angry with me—it—it was not Spring who took the pin," she gasped.

For a few moments there was intense silence. "Sweetheart," he said reluctantly, "it was not you?"

Missy said never a word; only stood before him with downcast eyes, pressing her hands hard upon her breast. And after a moment or so he got up and went to the window, where he stood looking out over the square.

"I am very sorry," he said at last, in a tone of ice; "I am bitterly disappointed."

And then there was a long, dead, chill, awful silence, out of which Missy crept away.

CHAPTER IV.

After that, a cloud of heavy weary misery seemed to settle down upon that period in the life of Colonel de Crespigny's little sweetheart. Although she did not know it, he lost no time in relieving his servant's mind, and, in his own autocratic haughty way, of telling him that he was very glad to find his suspicions had been unfounded—which, truth to tell, was about as near to an apology as Colonel de Crespigny's pride would carry him.

"I suppose I shall have no end of trouble with the fellow now," he muttered, as the door closed behind the relieved Spring. But it did not prove so. Spring went on his uneventful way as he had done any time during the past five years. If he noticed that the pin, about which his master had told him he was satisfied, was still missing, and if he in any way connected that circumstance with the fact that little Missy's visits to the Colonel's quarters had entirely ceased, he kept his suspicions to himself; and, as for the Colonel, he never mentioned the matter to anybody.

Still, it crept out in the regiment that, as the officers put it, "everything was off between the Colonel and his sweetheart," and many were the surmises concerning the cause of "the split," as they called it. Not that they were any of them enlightened, for their chief was not the man of whom to ask questions, and just then there was a piteous something in Missy's blue eyes which froze more than one careless question on more than one careless young soldier's lips; indeed, as a matter of fact, the only person who ever mentioned the subject to the child was Captain Felix himself.

"Little woman," he said to her one day, "are you and the Colonel not good friends now?"

"Not very, father," she answered, trembling.

"How was it? Did you quarrel?" he asked carelessly, expecting that the Colonel had, after his fashion, given way to a gust of temper, and had frightened the child out of her wits.

"Oh, no!" returned Missy.

"I hope you weren't rude to him, or anything of that kind?"

"Oh, no; indeed I was not," she returned earnestly.

Satisfied upon that point, Captain Felix let the question drop. He had no doubt whatever that of the two the fault lay with the Colonel, and did not want the child to tell him anything further about it unless she told him of her free will. That, however, Missy made no effort to do, and so the subject was dropped between them. The days wore on into weeks, and the weeks into months, and still the breach between the Colonel and his little sweetheart was not made whole; indeed, neither he nor she ever tried to bridge it over in any way.

At this time the child's life was a very martyrdom. She sat still and quiet where before she had played and romped. She brooded hour after hour over the change which had come upon her, and acted that last miserable scene over and over again, sometimes regretting bitterly enough that she had spoken in defence of Spring and taken the blame of a sin of which he had been accused upon herself. Poor child, she had never thought, never dreamed, in the excitement of that passionate moment, what the consequences of such generosity would be. She had expected the Colonel to be very angry, to believe that she had lost the pin perhaps, and then—well, to kiss her, say it should never happen again, and then for all to go on as before!

Poor child! With her brave little heart full of gratitude towards a stolid block of a trooper on whom it was utterly lost, she had acted with a sudden passionate generous impulse, which had taken all the light and joy out of her life and left her a miserable little outcast, suspected, by her own confession, as a thief of her best friend's belongings. It was useless to speak now. She had spoken then to save Spring, and Spring needed her protection just the same now! She was very young—only eight years old—scarce knowing right from wrong; but during that bitter time she became old in thought, and she realised that she had taken a cross upon herself and that she must carry it on to the end.

She lived a dreadful life for a child at that time, turning her head aside if she met the Colonel, drawing nervously back



"I love you best as you are."

if she heard his footsteps in the corridor, and trying to avoid him by every means in her power, looking forward with longing, and yet with dread, to her birthday, her ninth birthday, when she had a vague hope he would relent, and put her back into the place which had been hers before.

But when the great day dawned, among the many pretty gifts that lay heaped upon the table there was neither word nor sign from Colonel de Crespigny, who had been used to call her his sweetheart.

Poor little woman! The salt and savour had gone clean out of her birthday now, and the kindly remembrances of the others were simply hateful to her.

But it happened that that very day Colonel de Crespigny had need to look for the stump-end of an old cheque-book, that he might see for certain whether he had made a particular payment or not. Like most other service men, he kept his private papers in the despatch-drawer of his travelling-chest, and it was there that he turned to search for it.

There were several stump-ends of old cheque-books there, and he took them out in a bunch with some other papers the better to examine them; and as he spread them out upon the table, something long and bright slipped out from among them, and he beheld under his very nose the long-lost pin!

For a moment he was too surprised to move or think. Then, a distinct remembrance of his little sweetheart's words came to him.

"Spring!" he called.

"Yes, Sir," answered Spring, from the adjoining room.

"Go and ask little Missy if she will come and speak to me for a moment. My compliments, you know."

So Spring went off on his errand, and in less than two minutes Missy appeared on the threshold, hope high in her breast that her Colonel was going to forget the past, after all.

"Missy, come here—I've something to show you," said the Colonel. "Spring, shut the door!"

As Spring obeyed the one order, Missy obeyed the other, and the Colonel put into her hand the diamond pin. "What does it mean, my sweetheart?" he asked. "Why did you let me think that you had taken it?"

"Spring," she gasped—"he was so good to me. I wanted"—

"Dear little sweetheart," cried the fierce old Colonel, "he wasn't worth it—he wasn't worth it! Only, I should never have known quite what a brave little woman it is. Oh! child—child—how some man will love my little sweetheart some day! If only"—with a great sigh—"if only I was a boy again!"

"I love you best as you are," cried Missy, joyously, and wondered in the midst of her joy why her Colonel sighed.



The Colonel put into her hand the diamond pin.

SKETCHES OF THE THAMES POLICE



1. Wapping, the head station.
2. Coming off duty, Wapping.
3. Coal-bulk for coaling steam-launches off Wapping.

4. Waterloo station.
5. The Receiving Room, Waterloo.
6. Steam-launch and boats moored off Waterloo.

7. The Reserve Room, Waterloo.
8. A tow against tide.
9. The Royalist, used as the station at Greenwich.

10. Telegraphing to head-quarters.
11. A peek into the fore-cabin of the Royalist.
12. The men's quarters on board the Royalist.

13. The cutter Signy, used as the station at Rother.
14. Main cabin of the Signy, used as the official room.
15. Chasing river thieves.

16. Arresting a "slowaway."
17. Boarding a suspicious barge.
18. Rescuing a suicide.
19. The Superintendent's gallery.

THE THAMES POLICE.

The establishment of the Marine Police, as the Thames Police was at first called, dates from 1797. In the old days of sailing-vessels, when a far greater proportionate amount of labour was employed, relatively to the amount of traffic, in loading and discharging their cargoes, there were greater opportunities of pillage. The river was infested with pirates and thieves of various classes, and of the worst character; property to the value of nearly half a million sterling was stolen in every year; and the Customs' revenue of King George III. was annually defrauded to the extent of £50,000. The Marine Police was stationed at 259, Wapping New Stairs, then the most central part of the Port of London; it gradually checked, and now the Thames Police has almost entirely suppressed, crime on the river.

The force at present numbers 200 men—a Chief Inspector, seven other inspectors, forty sub-inspectors, and 147 constables, besides five detectives. In its ordinary routine of daily service, the twenty-four hours are divided into four watches, each of six hours, and its boats come in and go out every two hours, being six hours on and twelve hours off duty, so that the river is thoroughly well watched. To do this, there are about twenty boats employed, and two steam-launches. A steam-launch is employed constantly inspecting and guarding the bridges; and the other is used by the superintendent for visiting the stations at intervals, and generally looking after the service. There are duty-boats, pulling two oars, and supervision-boats, pulling two oars and a pair of sculls. In these the inspectors go out and see that the duty-boats are doing their work. The kind of duties may almost be classified at the different stations. The Waterloo Station gets the greatest amount of suicides, for the rescue of whom a dinghy is kept always ready. The only peculiarity about this boat is that it is fitted with a roller on the stern, to enable the would-be suicides to be pulled into the boat more easily than over the side. We are informed that last year the Thames Police reported twenty-five actual suicides, and fifteen more were prevented by the police. If it be asked What is done to the latter? the reply is, "We generally charge them, and they get remanded for the chaplain of the jail to talk to them. If once they are rescued, they seldom try the river again." The Thames Police-station at Waterloo is somewhat similar to the landing-stages, and has a very cosy set of rooms—the private rooms, occupied by an inspector and his wife; a charge-room and office, furnished with the usual desks and telegraph; the reserve-room, where the constables also keep their oil-skins; and some other rooms—one for the recovery of persons apparently drowned, fitted with a bed and a bath with hot and cold water; this is called the receiving-room. There are boats lying at the station, and the steam-launch Alert is moored off the lower end.

Wapping station, the head-quarters, is a substantial brick building, built in 1869. It contains the cells, the charge-room, and the office, which looks out on the river; the views up and down are picturesque. The foreground is an old hulk, once a "billy-boy" hailing from Goole, now a coal-hulk for the steam-launches. The most important duties at this station are the protection of the barges and vessels moored in the stream, and also receiving the bodies of persons found drowned. There is a collection of photographs of these unfortunate persons, who are in many cases unknown. At this station barges are rummaged, and small boats moving about in a suspicious manner. The chief offenders here are dredgers, a class of men whose personal appearance and manners, and the dirty, rotten boats they possess, evidently distinguish

them from the watermen and pilots. They ostensibly dredge for coal, pieces of rope, and other loose articles; but they are often to be seen with their craft loaded to the gunwales with the best coal. However, there is always plenty of muddy water at hand, and the coal always has the appearance of having been at the bottom of the river; so that nothing can be done unless they are caught on board the coal-barges, through the vigilance of our stout river guardians. Still, the game is considered rather risky.

Our correspondent was, by the kindness of Sir Charles Warren, Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, placed under the guidance of Superintendent Skeats, and a galley was put at his disposal to visit the several stations on the river. He was towed down to Erith, the last station, while Inspector Moore showed him the points of interest. They passed several duty-boats, which acknowledged the inspector's presence by saluting. In going down, the inspector pointed out the Royalist, an old six-gun brig, now used as the station at Greenwich. This old hulk is moored and built up on the river-bank, in a sort of amphibious way; the bilge is supported by solid masonry, forming a bed from which the vessel cannot possibly shift. Our correspondent was shown over the Royalist, which is in charge of an inspector, who is a veteran of the Royal Navy, and recollects the time when the Royalist was as smart a vessel as there was in the Fleet. The accommodation on board seems very good. The men have the lower-deck for their dining and general room; and each has a snug cabin, with everything very neat and in apple-pie order. They find plenty of employment in protecting the large market-gardens in the neighbourhood, as well as looking after the dredgers and an occasional stowaway. The latter are getting scarcer each year, since foreign nations have taken to sending back anyone without means of support. The Royalist displays a collection of handcuffs, truncheons, and other police implements, tastefully arranged.

Erith is seventeen miles from Wapping by the river. A few years ago the meadows or marshes along the lower reaches of the Thames were quite a happy hunting-ground for sheep-stealers. When this practice became too bad, a boat was sent down from the Thames Police-stations, with instructions to cruise about there for a week, and this partially checked it; but since the Spray, a small cutter of about ten tons, has been stationed there, sheep-stealing has been almost entirely stopped. The amount of property actually lost through thieves last year was very small, compared with former years, fully proving the great service rendered by our Thames Police.

By the concert organised by Madame Cellini, professor of singing to the Princess of Wales, and given at Dudley House for the benefit of the Brompton Consumption Hospital, £674 was added to the funds of this admirable institution. Madame Cellini had previously largely befriended the hospital.

A novelty of startling interest, particularly to the Scottish oil industry, is being shown on a very extensive scale at the Glasgow Exhibition. It is common knowledge that the Defries Safety Lamp is, in the words of the *Glasgow Herald*, "a real safety lamp"—a thing that cannot be said of "any other lamp"—and gives a most brilliant and powerful light. But it is quite an innovation to see a series of paraffin-oil lamps, such as are employed to light the "Bishop's Palace" and other restaurants in the grounds of the Exhibition, fitted with these Defries safety burners, each giving a light of one hundred-candle power, and provided with a sufficient supply of oil, placed above the light, to enable it to burn with a shadowless light for a week without refilling or trimming.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists (Suffolk-street, Pall-mall) was a surprise, or rather a mystification, to those who flocked to the rooms for the private view. Rumours had been rife that the strife between the old and new element in that august but somewhat somnolent corporation had not been appeased; and when it was found that Mr. Whistler and his friends were not represented in force at the Grosvenor Gallery, it was assumed that they were going to hold the Suffolk-street Gallery *contra orbem et urbem*. The sight of the rooms on Saturday dispelled this pleasant fiction. The velarium, or festooned curtain, which was supposed to typify Mr. Whistler's influence, indeed, was there to outward eyes; but a closer inspection showed that it was not the true standard of the new Renaissance, but a mere counterfeit presentment. The walls, too, showed that Mr. Whistler and his friends had been defeated, and the old order of things, the reign of Saturn, had returned. Truth, however, obliges us to admit that the British Artists in acting thus have not lost sight of British art. The walls are perhaps overcrowded, and a large proportion of the works are of secondary value and importance; but there is, nevertheless, a very large sprinkling of pictures which would do credit to any exhibition. Among such we may mention Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Leveson-Gower (210), Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Moonrise and Sundown" (230), Mr. Gadsby's "Dunce" (296), Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Summer" (279), Mr. L. C. Henley's two clever music pieces (201 and 206), Mr. Yeend King's "Mill Meadow" (190) and the smaller slighter "Water-Mill" (45), Mr. Wyke Bayliss' "Interior of Amiens Cathedral" (246), Mr. Albert Starling's "Left by the Tide" (282), and many others. Some persons will doubtless find amusement, and perhaps profit, in comparing the renderings of the story of Endymion by Mr. William-Stott-of-Oldham (242), with that by Mr. Christian Symons (179), whilst others will smile or groan over Mr. Sidney Starr's idea of a portrait (140), whilst all will condole with the lady so portrayed.

The Clothworkers' Company have sent £25 to the Parkes Museum to aid in maintaining and extending its work of practically teaching the laws of health.

The Princess of Wales has bought the original billet-doux table designed and registered for the Glasgow Exhibition by Miss Charlotte Robinson, home art decorator to the Queen.

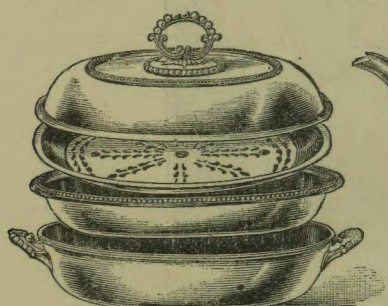
Mr. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works, occupied the chair at the seventy-third anniversary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution; and the subscriptions amounted to £2853.

The tender of Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill, London, for a large clock for Portsmouth Townhall has been accepted. The clock will be of superior design and construction, and will show time on four dials of 11 ft. diameter, glazed with opal glass for illumination by night; the hours will be struck on a bell of four tons, and the Cambridge Quarters chimed on four smaller bells.

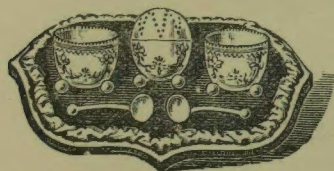
Mr. John Aird, M.P., presided over the annual festival in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, and donations amounting to £4179 were announced.—A sale of work by the inmates of this hospital (for their own benefit) will be held at the institution on Tuesday, June 5, and two following days. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen open the sale at two o'clock on Tuesday. The sale will be open each day from two to seven o'clock. Admission, one shilling, which will be allowed in purchases. A band will be in attendance.

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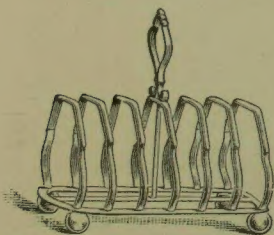
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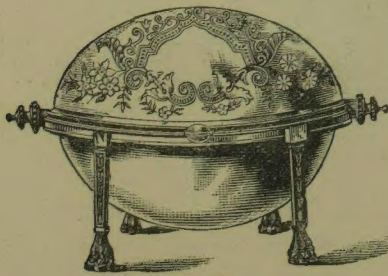
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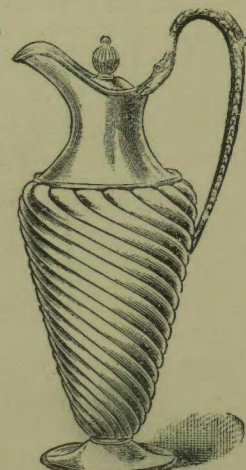
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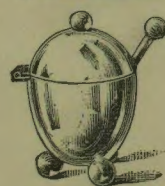
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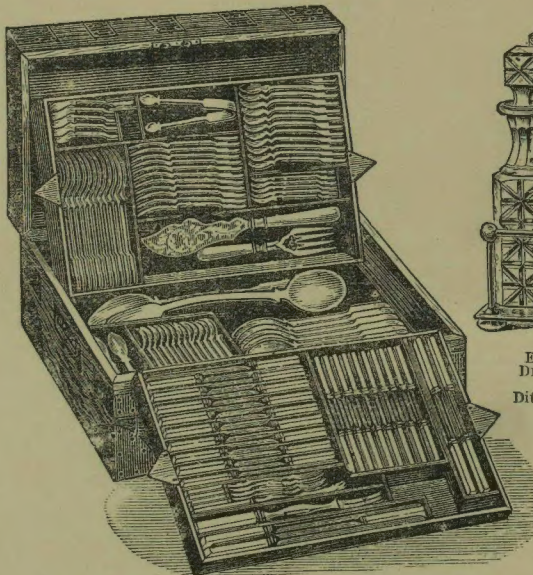
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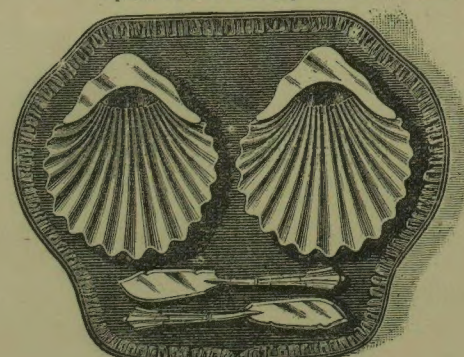
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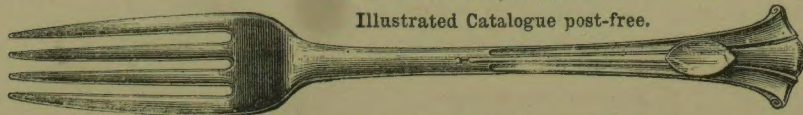


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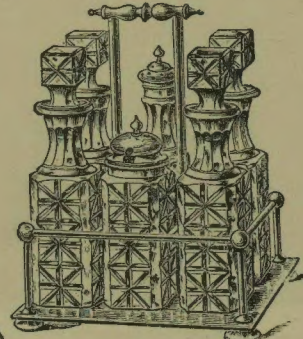


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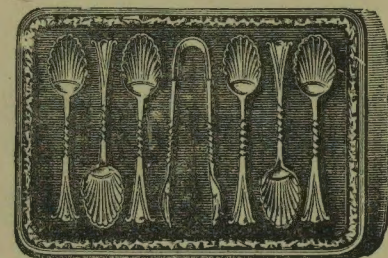
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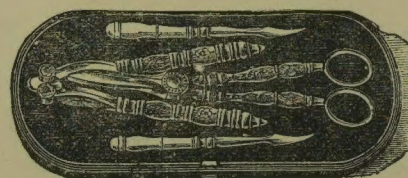
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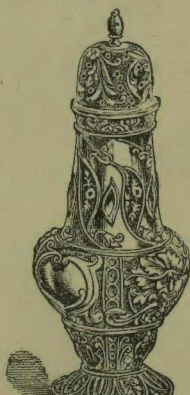
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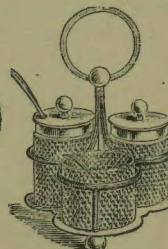
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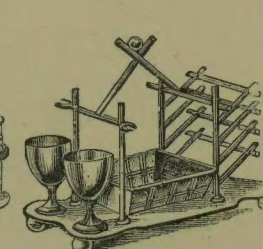
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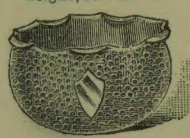
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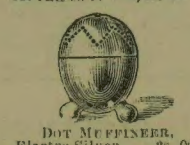
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That ye must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

THE COST OF WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which Kings and Queens would be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher, so that on every Sabbath the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and song of praise should ascend, like a universal holocaust, to Heaven.—RICHARD.



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OUTRAGED NATURE—She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering which exists in England year after year!—KINGSLEY.

Read Pamphlet entitled "DUTY" (on prevention of Disease by Natural Means), given with each bottle of ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says: "Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT!' I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, my little idol—at home, my household god; abroad, my vade mecum. Think not this the rhapsody of an hypochondriac. No; it is the outpouring of a grateful heart. I am, in common I daresay with numerous old fellows of my age (67) now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than exit pain—Richard is himself again!" So highly do I value your composition, that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment always remaining at the bottom of the glass. I give the following advice to those who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take
No waste of this elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:—

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,
And still our strength renew."

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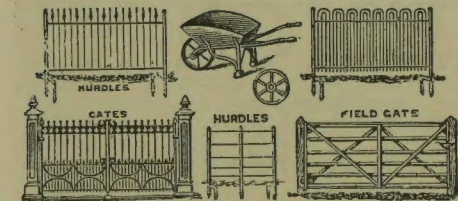
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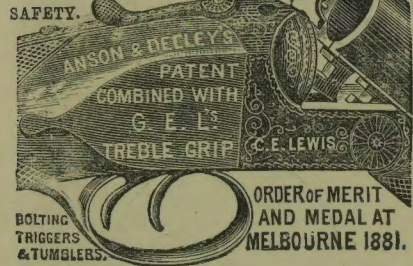
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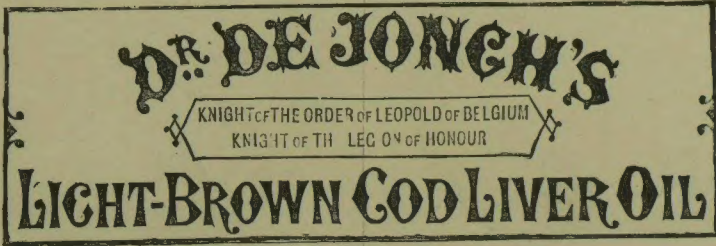
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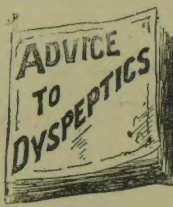
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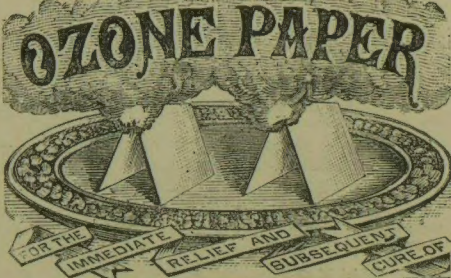
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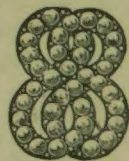
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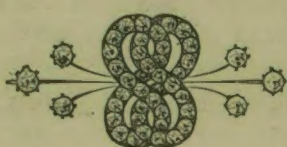
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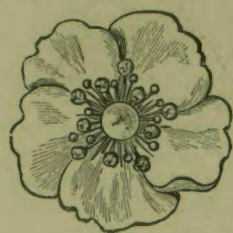
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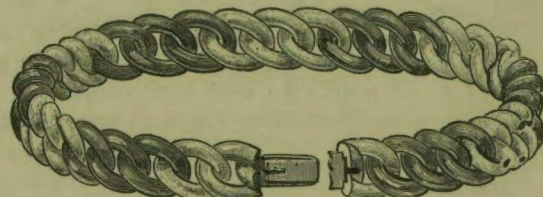
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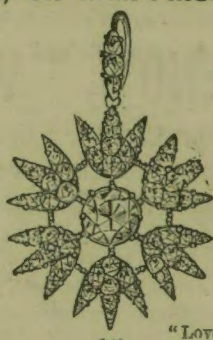
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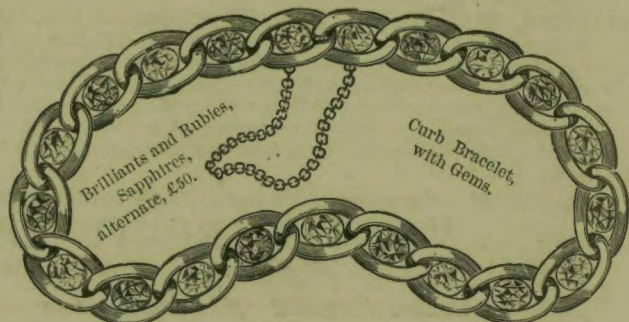


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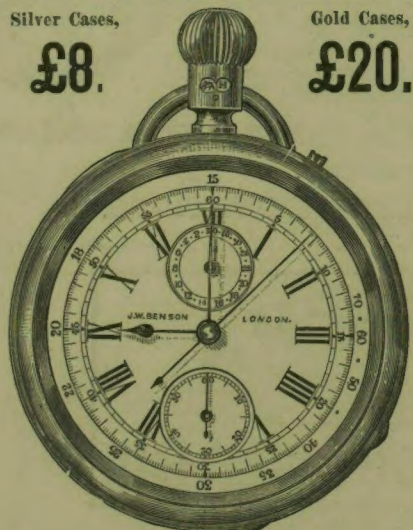
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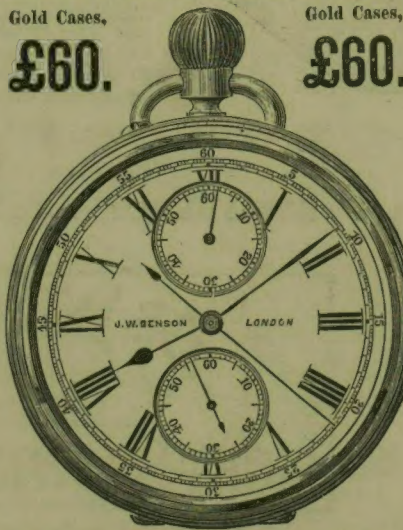


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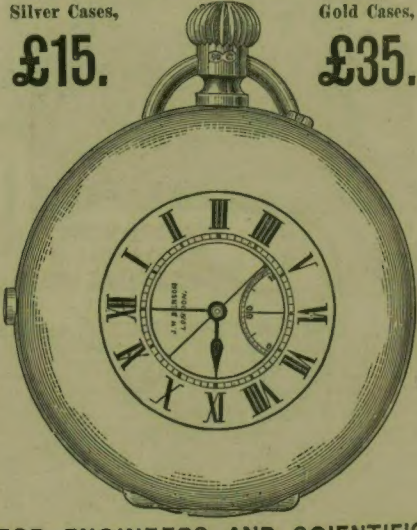


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